

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

Twenty-Sixth Year of Issue

January, 1947

Hospitals: Saskatchewan's  
New Public Utility



Justice and Japanese  
Canadians



What's Happening To  
Social Credit?



DUPLESSIS vs. JEHOVAH  
F. R. SCOTT

SHORT STORY  
WM. BROWN

FILMS ☆ RECORDS ☆ BOOKS

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## O CANADA

We must treat the tourist decently and not regard him as something like a bear which can be skinned only once.  
(Niagara Falls Evening Review)

R. M. Willes Chitty claimed that one of the intangible damages of such a (cocktail) vote would be that if it brought out a large number of electors "there would be a rush of voters to the polls and a good number of people who would want to vote would be excluded."

(Toronto Star)

Dr. J. A. C. Evans, lay representative of the Toronto Centre Presbytery of the United Church, took issue with the suggestion: "Most ministers will not talk on sexual matters on a Sunday or any other day of the week," he said. "It's a subject they shy from, though the idea may be good."

(Globe and Mail)

Quebec (CP)—Recorder Jean Mercier said the sentence imposed was "at least 100 times too lenient" and that he would, if permitted, give life imprisonment to every member of the sect brought before him. Branding the Witnesses "anarchists and enemies of the state and established government," Recorder Mercier said: "Any measures are justified in ridding our Christian society of these transgressors of all laws, these enemies of all religions, these witnesses of falsehood."

(Globe and Mail)

A trend on the part of well-to-do English to pull their assets from their native land and to settle in Canada is becoming apparent to real estate men and to representatives of English banks in Canada. . . . There is some indication, say the bankers, that a number of moneyed English are feeling insecure as a result of the nationalization of industry by the Labor Government and they feel that Canada, as the closest dominion, offers them a more secure way of life.

(Globe and Mail)

Addressing the annual meeting of the Young Liberal Federation of Nova Scotia, Premier Macdonald charged that the third party, the CCF, would, in future years, "invade the rights of responsible government if it came to power. These CCF'ers in Great Britain, who are going to plan our whole lives, will inevitably come to a point where they will have to abolish parliaments and elections."

(Globe and Mail)

Coal strikes can be long affairs. One has been going on here (Nanaimo, B.C.) for 93 years and the men are still out, Henry Castillou, K.C., of Vancouver, last night told the Nanaimo Pioneers' Society. Indian miners went on strike in 1853, and a native has never worked in the mines since. The Indians were hired to dig coal for His Majesty's ship Cormorant. They received four shillings a day, plus presents for their chiefs, but they soon quit, demanding higher pay. There was no settlement. Mining methods were crude, the miners being lowered into the shaft in a big tub. (Canadian Press Dispatch)

If anyone is inclined to be impressed with the glittering promises of the CCF, he should pause long enough to read, mark and inwardly digest Grey Days. It is estimated that "not less than four million peasants lost their lives" as a result of the Russian calamity of collectivization.

(From a book review of *Grey Days* by W. H. Moore in the *Globe and Mail*)

Although security and opportunity are the two basic objectives of any nation, security should be a by-product of opportunity, J. M. Macdonnell, Progressive Conservative member of parliament for Muskoka-Ontario, said in an address before the Progressive Conservative Club of McGill University. Mr. Macdonnell said that although the majority of Canadians are not Socialists, socialism has engulfed the country in federal legislation. "Prime Minister King and Isley (Finance Minister Isley), they're no more Socialists than ourselves, but they're in the hands of the experts and, mind you, the experts are persuasive."

(Canadian Press Dispatch)

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# THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XXVI, No. 312

Founded 1920

Toronto, Ontario, January, 1947

## Co-operation At Last

The achievements of the United Nations' Assembly and the meetings of the Big Four this month give some ground for hope at last, beyond the mere fact of the continued existence of the UNO itself. The Soviet representatives have shown a new willingness to compromise and seem to have abandoned the intransigent attitude which has bedevilled international conferences for a whole year. Molotov yielded on the powers of the Governor of Trieste to guarantee civic rights, he now seems prepared to open the Balkans to international trade, he agreed to a fifty-fifty division, between Greece and Yugoslavia, of reparations from Italy and Bulgaria. Above all, he withdrew his insistence on the power to use the veto in the enforcement of any plan of arms' limitation, once the plan is agreed upon. The Russians are also substantially reducing their garrisons in Eastern Germany.

These concessions are important. The fact that they were made is more important still. The Western democracies have, we believe, been more than willing to meet Russia half-way this last year, but have been discouraged by Russia's refusal to meet them at all. This was particularly true of Britain. It is not surprising that the change in Russia's attitude now puzzles both diplomats and commentators, and that they seek all kinds of explanations for it. Whatever the reasons, the change is welcome. And we should always remember that, while the Soviets have been in power for twenty-nine years, for the first twenty-four years all their suspicions and distrust were fully justified. Such reflections may help us to grasp the hand of friendship when it is hesitatingly offered at last. The opportunity might not recur for some time.

We do not wish to build too much on a few concessions. But any break in the impasse is welcome. And at least it justifies us in turning to the year 1947 with some hope in our hearts.

## India

The sun came out for a short period in India after the mission of the three Labor cabinet ministers, but it is now covered by clouds again. According to the scheme announced by Messrs. Pethick Lawrence, Cripps and Alexander, the demand of the Moslem League for Pakistan was refused. There was to be set up an All-India federation, completely independent of British control. But to meet the fears of the Moslem minority, this federal government was to control only defense, foreign affairs and communications. The provinces were to be grouped into three areas, the main one in central and southern India being overwhelmingly Hindu in population, and the other two, in the north-west and in the north-east, having slight Moslem majorities. The Congress party, which naturally wants majority rule over all India, has made it clear that it does not like all the limitations implied in this British scheme. It entered the new administration of Lord Wavell and it is now taking part in the Constituent Assembly which has met to draft the new constitution for an independent India. The Moslem League hesitated about entering the government, and now it refuses to take part in the Constituent Assembly.

This action threatens once more a breakdown of all the efforts to bring about Indian independence. For the British

government, in the face of Mr. Jinnah's intransigence, appears to have reverted to the old stand that it will accept nothing that is not agreed to by the two main Indian parties. And there are apparently plenty of British officials in India ready to encourage Jinnah & Co. to stand firm and thus wreck all efforts toward Indian self-government. The Labor government faces an extremely difficult situation, and the British policy which allowed communal enmities in India to reach their present inflamed condition was not of Labor's making. Nevertheless, if it fails to show the dynamic energy which is needed to overcome the present deadlock, the outside world will not make nice calculations as to where the blame lies. It will accuse the Labor government of bad faith as for the past twenty-five years it has been accusing Labor's predecessors.

## The Lewis Case

President Truman has decided that the way to win political popularity in the United States is to slap down John L. Lewis. He is probably right; and he was doubtless assisted to his decision by the relatively ineffectual showing of labor's political workers in the November election. It was therefore smart politics to step on Lewis quickly, before the new Republican Congress could meet and take any of the glory. Though Lewis is himself a Republican and a staunch economic conservative, there can be little doubt that the Republican Party would willingly sacrifice his support in favor of the hostile votes he has created.

Lewis' appeal to the Supreme Court has not been heard as we write. It would be neither easy nor proper to predict the result. But the legal case of the government, resting on an inexcusably ambiguous contract and on a use of the injunction which everyone thought had been abolished fourteen years ago, seems very tenuous. Apart from the strictly legal side, the government's case involves some dangerous assumptions about public operation of industry. It would permit a government to make a labor agreement which contains no provision for reopening and virtually recognizes no right to strike, and it would deprive government employees of the protection of the Norris-LaGuardia anti-injunction law. We had thought that this sort of thing was confined to fascist states and to the "State Socialism" of B. A. Trestrail's nightmares.

The main concern of outsiders in this affair is the health of the U.S. economy. This is no disinterested solicitude, but most urgent anxiety on the part of Canada, the United Kingdom, China, and most of Europe. We foreigners are not particularly interested in President Truman's desire to break a labor leader; we have a right to expect him to keep his country's key industry on its feet. Its symptoms, including the very natural discontent of the men who bear the burden of production, are alarming. All basic industries in economically mature countries are in a difficult position, and coal is the most precarious. Capital is moving away from it into the more profitable consumer industries. Coal cannot replace itself at the rate at which it is mined, and it is no longer a field for capitalist adventure. Yet without it there can be no capitalist adventuring and no industrial production, as Mr. Truman and his spokesmen have been eager to point out. Without any doctrinaire bias, therefore, it must



be recognized that coal is now a natural field for public ownership and government planning. We who by no wish of our own stand or fall with the U.S. economy should appeal to our neighbors to see the facts and to act upon them.

## Mr. Gardiner and the Farmers

One of the legacies of the second world war is the dominion-provincial agricultural conference. At the end of each year provincial ministers of agriculture and their advisers, the dominion minister of agriculture and his advisers, and representatives of the Canadian Federation of Agriculture meet at Ottawa to plan the following year's agriculture production. The practice has been for the dominion minister to tell the conference what production would be needed, and for the other members of the conference to tell the minister what incentives would be necessary. During the war the conference, despite regional differences of interest, reached agreement without much difficulty, and the minister took the conference recommendations to his cabinet colleagues confidently.

The December, 1946, conference was different. East and west were still able to agree, but not with the dominion minister, the Hon. J. G. Gardiner. Some of his fellow agriculturalists attributed the change in Mr. Gardiner to party leadership hopes. He needed more than farm support. Others considered the change in Mr. Gardiner a post-war transition to "normalcy." Industry-dominated government was going to forget its wartime promise of "a fair relationship between the returns from agriculture and those from other occupations" (Canada Year Book summary of Agricultural Prices Support Act, 1944).

Mr. Gardiner told the 1945 conference that if farm costs increased during 1946 farm returns would also increase. To the 1946 conference Mr. Gardiner made no promise of price increases, and expressed doubt whether the government would accept the conference's recommendations. Only six months ago Mr. Gardiner promised farmers as satisfactory a return for several years ahead as during the last three years of the war "on all you can produce." Now, at the dominion-provincial conference, he has said that in 1947 farmers "will be able to sell all they can produce"—without any promise of a fair return. Farmers who sold 1946 potatoes for a cent a pound may not be hurt if Mr. Gardiner doesn't win the party leadership or wins the prize and doesn't win the people.

## Control or Decontrol?

One interesting result of the chaotic inflation which is following the withdrawal of controls in the United States, is a wavering uncertainty in our own business community as to whether decontrol is after all a good thing, at least just now. American economists are blandly foretelling a recession, i.e., a fall in prices and at least temporary dislocation of production, within a few months.

Hence the rift in the private enterprise lute. The Globe-and-Mail boys and official Conservative speakers are still for joining up with the United States all the way up and all the way down again, dislocations and all. Others, who see a little straighter, are aware of the dangers of such a course and are beginning to say that perhaps we should retain our price controls after all. Most interesting on this side was the annual address of Mr. H. D. Burns, president of the Bank of Nova Scotia. He stated quite bluntly that for Canada to

permit a free adjustment of prices at this time would be more serious for us than the same process in the United States. This sober statement caused considerable perturbation in the breast of Mr. Burns' business colleagues.

The statement is of course true enough, but it states less than the truth. Mr. Burns adds somewhat pathetically that depressions are usually due to lack of foresight, selfishness or ignorance, and that surely it is not beyond the wit of man to avoid them. But we believe that what is entirely beyond the wit of man is to avoid depressions (under whatever name) with our present economic system intact. It is not enough for a government to be prepared to pick up the pieces, and to attempt to cushion the worst results of big business' lack of foresight, selfishness or ignorance. It is precisely because these vices are inherent in the system, not the individuals, that they are inevitable. Nothing can be done about them until governments are prepared to control not only prices but production, to assure high production and a high national income, by taking out of private and irresponsible hands the power to make the big decisions which mean the difference between prosperity and depression (recession). The United States are giving the world a very clear object lesson of where decontrol leads. It is not beyond the wit of man to learn the lesson. But it is the lesson of socialism.

## It Does Happen Here

At the annual Ontario bridge tournament, organized by the Toronto Whist Club and held recently in the Royal York Hotel, A. M. Sobel, the tournament director from New York, barred a Trinidad Negro, a graduate student at the University of Toronto. Mr. Sobel explained that he himself had no objection but that the rules of the American Contract Bridge League definitely exclude Negroes from taking part in their tournaments. The immediate and general outcry against this undemocratic discrimination was impressive. The Whist Club has written, asking the American Bridge League to amend its rules so that Negroes may take part in Canadian tournaments, stating that if this is refused they will withdraw from the League. Such an action, involving real sacrifice on the part of the club members, is thoroughly commendable and worth more than a dozen formal protests. It gives encouragement to those who hope to see real democracy established in our time. May we hope that those aroused by this incident will now direct their energies to removing other forms of discrimination? Negroes are excluded from other places of entertainment in Toronto; the cause of the Japanese-Canadian is not yet won; Chinese-Canadians are seeking support in removing undesirable restrictions on immigration; and there is still Anti-Semitism to combat. Discrimination will never be defeated by one single victory. It needs a long campaign in many fields.

## Education For What?

Seeing our universities jammed with crowds of students of every kind, an enterprising reporter recently began to wonder what was the purpose of it all. To find the answer she turned to those whom she presumably regards as patterns of successful living, namely bank presidents. She seems to have asked them what good a university education would do, and also just how important higher education was for business success. All those interviewed replied to the second question with great gusto, but no one seems to have answered the first, or indeed been aware that they were two different questions, and not one, least of all the reporter.



The bank presidents tell us that the school of hard knocks and practical experience is best, and they presumably mean best in order to become bank presidents. This is their field and we would not venture to disagree with them. Indeed it is probably an excellent thing to make clear to all those who are making considerable sacrifices to obtain a university education that, if their aim is financial and business success, they are probably on the wrong road. At least, we leave that question to be argued by the directors of professional and technical schools, and the bankers.

It is not, however, the aim of higher education to teach youth how to make a fortune. Indeed it would be nearer the truth to say that a university education should teach them how to do without it. Educators are far too prone to defend education in terms of practical values in the restricted sense. It will never be successfully defended on those lines. We prefer the attitude of the old professor who was heard to remark: "Thank Heaven we don't teach anything useful in this university!"; or of that other who defined education as what remains when you have forgotten all you have ever learned.

By and large, it is and should remain the function of our universities to impart knowledge and the art of living, not the art of moneymaking. In so far as they pretend to lead to business success, they obscure their real purpose, and are then deservedly told that they are not doing much good. Only in so far as they are devoted to the acquisition of knowledge for its own sake, and on imparting the art of living, can they justify their existence. And it needs justifying, if only to prevent them from being flooded by those who come to them for the wrong purposes, and with hopes that will prove false, because based on a fundamental misunderstanding of the purpose of education.

## Marginalia

A Reuters despatch from Hastings, England, dated December 14th, deserves the attention of every North American at this festive season. It stated: "Candy shops here were almost sold out of plain chocolates today because at a 'save Europe now' meeting last night hundreds of bags of candy, donated out of personal rations, were collected to be sent to German children for Christmas."

\* \* \* \*

Our Impartial Headliners — On December 12, the *Globe and Mail* printed an Associated Press dispatch from Washington beginning: "A bitter attack on the United States attitude toward future foreign relief came from UNRRA chief Fiorello H. LaGuardia today as delegates from 48 nations debated whether to continue their hold on the organization into 1947." This "bitter attack" on U.S. policy occupied 16 column-inches of the dispatch, which towards its end also reported briefly a rebuttal by Mr. LaGuardia of the Russian delegate's charges of UNRRA discrimination in Korea. The *Globe and Mail* gave this dispatch the two-column headline: "Soviet Delegate Victim of LaGuardia Broadside."

\* \* \* \*

In a Gallup poll of which the results were published on December 6th, the Canadian public were asked the following question: "Do you think the United Nations will be able to prevent another world war during the next twenty-five years?" 31% thought it could, 47% though UNO would not succeed, and 22% were undecided. At least we have few illusions left.

\* \* \* \*

LONG PARLIAMENTS DETER ABLE MEN? DREW SAYS. So ran a recent headline. Well, at least as long as Mr. Drew is Premier of Ontario, it is not the fear of long legislative

sessions that will keep able men out of politics in Ontario. There must be some other reason.

\* \* \* \*

The *Canadian Forum* wishes to thank Mr. J. V. McAree, the columnist of *The Globe and Mail*, for giving additional publicity to James T. Farrell's article in a recent issue on the banning of his book, and, in general, for his good-humored and sensible attitude to the subject of book censorship.

\* \* \* \*

In previous issues *The Canadian Forum* may have suggested that, as it is necessarily the first duty of a Tory politician to pay off his backers when elected, Premier Drew's policy on the question of cocktail bars might conceivably have had some connection with such economic pre-requisites. But now Premier Drew has informed the public that anyone who makes such a suggestion is a "contemptible slanderer." Obviously, then, the Premier has been acting solely from a pure and disinterested regard for liquor.

## Twenty-Six Years Ago

Vol. 1, No. 4, January, 1921, *The Canadian Forum*

All eyes in Canada are turned to the new third party. The opinion is now fairly widespread that after the general elections it will dominate Parliament. Consequently the recent Winnipeg address by Mr. T. A. Crerar on the occasion of his formal appointment as leader of the Farmers' Party is important as a statement of the kind of government we may look forward to.

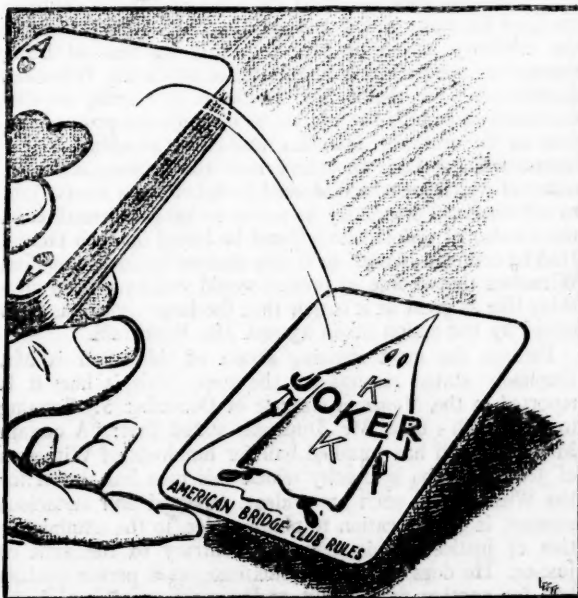
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WE CAN DO WITHOUT THE JOKER IN CANADIAN BRIDGE

## Duplessis Versus Jehovah

► MR. DUPLESSIS, having helped Mr. Drew to wreck the Dominion-Provincial Conference in the name of "provincial autonomy," seems now about to wreck all civic liberty in Quebec in the name of "law and order". On December 4 he cancelled the liquor license of Frank Roncarelli, owner of a well-known and highly respectable restaurant in Montreal, because Mr. Roncarelli was continuing to put up bail for Jehovah's Witnesses as fast as Mr. Duplessis continued to arrest them. And plenty have been arrested: some 800 cases are pending in Montreal.

This reminds us of Blair Fraser's article in *Maclean's Magazine* of Nov. 15, 1945, showing how Mr. Duplessis cancels the licenses of people who do not contribute to the Union Nationale party funds. Mr. Duplessis thinks nothing of using his authority as Premier and Attorney-General of the Province to take away the means of livelihood of people whose only crime is that they do not agree with his political views or dare to oppose his policies in a lawful manner. His violent attacks recently upon certain labor leaders, and his issuing instructions to the courts to refuse them bail, are all in keeping with the recent persecution of the Witnesses and of Mr. Roncarelli. Add to this general picture the deal with the Hollinger Mining Company, by which immense resources, possibly containing the richest iron ore on the continent, were bartered away for a mere pittance to a private corporation, and some idea of the character of this man who so dearly loves "provincial autonomy" may be perceived. Quebec is being "saved" from "centralization" and "communism" in order that exploitation by big monopolies and suppression of all opposition may continue unchecked.

It is to be hoped that the Roncarelli affair will provide a rallying point for responsible and organized protest. The issue rises above religious and party lines. It is not often that papers like the *Montreal Star*, *The Gazette*, and *The Canadian Register* (organ of the English-speaking Catholics) are to be found voicing a common criticism, yet on this issue they are in general agreement. Similar criticism has been expressed in certain sections of the French press, though the fact that the Witnesses direct their chief attacks—and frequently very scurrilous attacks—upon the Catholic Church confuses the issue for many people and prevents them from protesting the arbitrary action of Mr. Duplessis for fear of being thought to sympathize with the ideas which the Witnesses disseminate. No doubt Mr. Duplessis is relying on this confusion to confine the protest to insignificant proportions, just as he probably imagines that the cancelling of the license will not raise an outcry from the Protestant clergy, many of which are unaccustomed to defending a man's right to sell liquor. Fortunately he seems to have underestimated the number of people who will not be fooled by such tactics. Had he confined himself to laying charges against individual Witnesses the volume of protest would not have been anything like as great as it is now that the larger issue has been raised by the action taken against Mr. Roncarelli.

Perhaps the most amazing aspect of this affair is Mr. Duplessis' stated reasons for the step. This is how it is reported in the *Montreal Gazette* of December 5: Turning to Roncarelli's case, Mr. Duplessis stated that: "A certain Mr. Roncarelli has supplied bail for hundreds of Witnesses of Jehovah. The sympathy which this man has shown for the Witnesses in such an evident, repeated and audacious manner, is a provocation to public order, to the administration of justice and is definitely contrary to the aims of justice. He does not act, in this case, as a person posting bail for another person, but as the mass supplier of bails, whose great number by itself is most reprehensible."

Was there ever a more astonishing statement from a Canadian Attorney-General? Mr. Roncarelli is a member of Jehovah's Witnesses, and his "audacious sympathy" for his co-religionists is to be justification for taking away his livelihood! He was not himself distributing pamphlets; he was merely giving bail. And what is bail? Bail is the security given by or on behalf of an accused person to ensure that he will appear to stand trial. Bail aids the administration of justice, and is a traditional part of it. It is for the courts, and the courts alone, to decide whether or not bail should be allowed, and in these cases they had permitted it. Mr. Roncarelli was guaranteeing that the Witnesses would duly appear to be tried. What a "provocation to public order"! For the exercise of this legal right and this ancient guarantee of human liberty Mr. Roncarelli has his license cancelled and his restaurant raided by a gang of policemen who, incidentally, carried away his entire stock of liquor.

What Mr. Roncarelli really did was not to promote disorder, but to check Mr. Duplessis' mass persecution of the Witnesses. Because while the laying of a charge—in this case of peddling literature without a license—is not necessarily persecution, it becomes so when we learn that the number arrested reaches many hundreds, and particularly when Mr. Duplessis tries to deny the accused the normal right of every citizen to bail. At the present moment, under a pretence of legal process, and in Mr. Roncarelli's case without even a pretence, a small religious sect is being persecuted and indeed martyred in many parts of Quebec.

When the first storm of protest broke, Mr. Duplessis immediately changed his ground and issued a new statement. This time he argued that since Mr. Roncarelli held his license as a privilege—not as a right—from the Province, and since he was engaged in arranging bail for a mass of people deliberately committing "illegal acts", then the Province, from which he drew his funds, became a party to his proceedings. "To allow him to continue to have that privilege, and, because of that privilege, secure the means of encouraging acts leading to public disorder would have been, in effect, to make the Attorney-General an accomplice". On the same basis of reasoning, of course, the City of Montreal is an accomplice because it allows him water, the Quebec Hydro because it supplies electricity and gas, the Bell Telephone Company because it provides him with a telephone, and every diner who eats a meal aids and abets the horrible crime. Yet curiously enough Mr. Duplessis does not dare lay any charge of any sort against this man who is such a dreadful menace to our national society. Mr. Roncarelli is even allowed to continue in possession of his license to manage a restaurant. Can it be that the restaurant license is continued because to cancel it Mr. Duplessis would have to show cause in a court of law, whereas, under the dictatorial powers of the Alcoholic Liquor Act, cancellation can be imposed at the mere whim of the Premier? Such excuses as Mr. Duplessis gives are an insult to the intelligence.

Several important issues stand out clearly from this incident. One is the need for active civil liberties associations in this country. The recently formed Montreal Civil Liberties Association, composed of representatives of all the principal races and groups in Montreal, is taking up the matter, but the principles at stake concern every Canadian. Certainly the most Catholic province in Canada should hesitate before it officially supports the idea of religious persecution, even under the provocation which the Witnesses undoubtedly give. There are too many people who might be persuaded that persecution is a good policy, and it might be difficult to confine it to Quebec. Another issue to be faced is the need for judicial review of administrative acts. Mr. Roncarelli should be able to appeal the cancellation to an



impartial tribunal. There is none in Quebec, and other provinces may find the same lack in their laws. And lastly it may be worth warning too zealous defenders of civil liberties against using this incident as an excuse for another attack upon Quebec. The most serious breach of civil liberties in this country is British Columbia's—and the federal government's—treatment of Canadian citizens of Japanese origin. Beside it the case of Jehovah's Witnesses in Quebec is less reprehensible. For the Japanese-Canadians do not insult their fellow citizens by calling them evil names in widely distributed pamphlets.

F. R. SCOTT.

## What's Happening To Social Credit *Doris French*

► I WENT to the provincial convention of the Ontario Social Credit League in North Bay because I knew Real Caouette was to be there as guest speaker, and I was curious about Caouette and the "Union des Electeurs" which voted him from Pontiac to Ottawa in the October by-election.

Did the "Union" represent a split in Social Credit ranks? If not, how was it to fit in with the eight- or ten-year-old Social Credit League? Caouette had said he would sit with Social Credit members in the House of Commons, but would always "refer back" to his Union of Electors when he needed direction on issues before the House. Was it Social Credit's intention to adopt this arrangement as an expedient in French Canada, creating a separate "Quebec wing"?

It turned out quite differently. At North Bay the Social Credit party from Alberta clashed head-on with a new political creation, inspired and directed by Louis Even of Montreal. Out of the fog the "Union" technique emerged victorious. Louis Even was there to see that it came through on top. So was Ron Gostick, young national secretary of the Social Credit League of Canada.

What the North Bay convention did, precisely, was to discard their written constitution, giving entire control of the provincial party into the hands of a president and a vice-president. The two men were instructed to organize mass "Unions of Electors," consisting of non-party followers, to support Social Credit candidates in ensuing elections.

Party membership was not entirely discarded. Workers, sellers of subscriptions to *Vers Demain* and *The Canadian Social Crediter*, may become members of the party as a reward for service. They may be given local responsibility as they prove themselves worthy. All such appointments will be made by the president and vice-president. This pattern, according to Ron Gostick, is in line with a decision of the Social Credit national convention in Regina this summer.

Social Credit in Canada has taken a new turn. To attempt to understand its significance a rough sketch of the North Bay convention itself may be of some use.

Perhaps it is unfair to describe a convention in terms of its "characters." But the obscurities of Social Credit, with its additional strong flavor of British-Israelite mysticism (literature at the convention advocated both the cancellation of debt according to Mosaic law, and the glorification of the British as God's chosen people) do seem to attract more oddities in human nature than the usual share of most political parties. The North Bay assemblage included a French singer of home-made commercials, who invited the delegates, in a bathroom baritone, to come up and visit his

beauty parlor. A butterball woman, speaking at the convention banquet, threw wide her arms and cried, "I can only say, I love you! To me, that is Social Credit; love and liberty!" An aging gentleman with a hand-drawn chart expounded to the delegates a meaningless succession of elements which added up to "a fertile egg."

For balance, if you like, there were a few extremely earnest young men who in private discussion spoke of Anglo-French Canadian unity, and on the convention floor were fired with the vision of a new democracy:

"Why should a man, sent to Parliament, do exactly the opposite to what his constituents want? No! Without parties, through a Union of Electors, that man must now answer directly to the people who sent him!" This was the "I'm-your-hired-man" campaign slogan of Real Caouette in Pontiac.

Real Caouette addressed the banquet. A fluent speaker, and flushed with success, he described Social Credit as "The only doctrine really fighting communism in the world." Under the term communism he included such government measures as Selective Service, the grading of meat, price control and rationing.

And also attending the convention were the old autocracy of the Social Credit League of Ontario. Naturally, they didn't accept the reversal of party organization without complaint. One woman delegate protested, "I don't like to see the local leaders appointed. I think they should be elected by local groups." And a few, including the convention chairman, expressed some bitterness at the placing of all control in the hands of two party leaders. He compared the procedure to German Nazi-ism. But the poor showing of Social Credit in Ontario to date discredited this old guard in the eyes of the convention.

Representing both the Alberta section of the party and the Social Credit parliamentary group, W. F. Kuhl, MP, prophesied "trouble ahead" in scrapping the constitution which previously governed the party. He said he was "still confused" about the relationship of a Union of Electors to its parliamentary representative. Once he attempted to bring the convention to a technical discussion of Social Credit economics but other business superseded it.

A handful of resolutions passed by the convention called for the immediate cancellation of income tax on incomes below \$3,000, and the payment of a twenty-dollar-a-month dividend to every citizen without condition of further taxation. A further resolution protested against rationing of foods "which are normally in abundance and which we suspect are being shipped to bring higher prices than the ceiling prices in Canada." Still another would scrap all wartime controls, save rent control which must disappear within six months. Government housing projects such as Wartime Housing were denounced as destructive to "free enterprise and private ownership."

Of such composite elements was the convention made up. Its heterogeneous nature was a strong argument for the two-man system. Louis Even said, "We must have men of action who know what they want." Most of the delegates agreed.

The newly-elected Ontario president, by the way, is a newcomer but definitely a convert to Social Credit, M. J. Fitzgerald, executive member of a prosperous lumber company at Blind River. He became known among delegates chiefly through the circulation of his pamphlet entitled, "A Shriill Cry from the Atlantic Charter." The adjective "shriill" seemed particularly well-chosen. The pamphlet contained an exchange of correspondence between Fitzgerald and various federal ministers and the CBC, on the subject of "leftist" control in Canadian radio.



Canadian political parties have been run autocratically in the past. Is the "Union of Electors" something new? I can only set down what Louis Even described to the convention, and what his Quebec publication, *Vers Demain*, states just as plainly. Even insisted on two distinct organizations: the party, which in Quebec is called "l'Institut d'Action Politique," and the non-party following, "the Union of Electors." He writes:

"The Union of Electors is not an end in itself, but simply a means to achieve an end."

Social Credit, he said, is an economic doctrine, but the Union of Electors is the political force to bring about that doctrine. The Union of Electors is not a permanent organization. "It may be put together today and broken up tomorrow."

The "Electors" do not have to subscribe to the entire Social Credit doctrine. They are mobilized around a "common objective." People at large do not recognize their common objectives. Therefore the Social Credit party points them out. At a mass meeting cards are circulated. The cards ask, "Do you want to pay less income tax?" Or "Do you want a national dividend of twenty dollars a month?" The Electors sign the cards. Later they are asked to subscribe to either paper, *Vers Demain* or *The Canadian Social Crediter*. A subscription costs two dollars, but one dollar goes into the organizing fund.

The Unions of Electors are told that they must constantly petition their members of parliament. Cards have descended on various Quebec MP's lately, demanding the abolition of income tax. Next election, prophesies Even, the electors will know their representatives have not obeyed them, so they will elect "someone who will."

Such are Even's "Unions of Electors."

But, says Even, the Unions must serve "l'Ordre"; they must never fall into the hands of subversive elements. A strong party organization, therefore, must direct the Union groups.

The party, l'Institut d'Action Politique, does not aim to be large, but to be selective. Members must be workers; they must be dedicated to the Social Credit doctrine. The condition of membership is: "to be ready to do the good work of the movement, following the directives received from responsible officers."

And finally, writes Even, how shall we be assured that the officers do not fall into error? His answer:

"They have a guide, the paper, *Vers Demain*."

Publisher, editor, chief author of *Vers Demain*, and director of l'Institut in Quebec, is Louis Even.

And what does he write in his paper, *Vers Demain*?

He discusses the Social Credit theory of economics which, while upholding private enterprise and capitalism, would increase the living standards of the people by issuing new currency to them in the form of dividends or pensions. Even's answer to the milk price problem: pay the farmer 15c a quart, but ask the consumer for only 10c. Make up the extra 5c by issuing new currency.

He directly appeals to reactionaries as a friend of the existing order and capitalism, and an unflinching foe of the "planners," and of communism and socialism. He says, writing on the Pontiac election results:

"Thanks to Social Credit, Canadians who are discouraged with the old parties do not need to turn to the left. In this regard, the gentlemen who are afraid of socialism in this country owe much to the emergence of Social Credit."

On the same basis, *Vers Demain* advances its policies for the approval of the Catholic Church.

Communism and Soviet Russia are bitterly attacked in *Vers Demain*. A little article is headed "When Will They Hang Stalin?"

A studied effort is made to link communism with Jewry in the pages of *Vers Demain*. An incredible story is printed under the heading, "Brave Gesture." It describes a banquet in Detroit, at which the Soviet ambassador Novikoff was a guest. When the mayor of Detroit declared that he and the city were honored by Novikoff's visit, a "young patriot," Don Lohbeck, sprang to his feet, declaring that all communists, including the ambassador, were spies and enemies of America. The story says that the gathering, "which was four-fifths Jewish," cried out in protest. Lohbeck threw about some leaflets of the "America First" party, and was "rescued" from the angry crowd by members of the "Committee of Christian Veterans."

"America First" and the "Committee of Christian Veterans" are notoriously pro-Nazi US organizations. Norman Jaques, Social Credit MP, has lectured on their behalf in St. Louis. Elsewhere, *Vers Demain* writes, "Henry Morgenthau, Jew and ex-secretary of the American treasury, openly supports, with his money and what remains of his prestige, the Political Action Committee (CIO) which seeks to establish socialism in the United States."

The international policy of *Vers Demain*? The anti-UNO declarations of Solon Low, Social Credit leader, are on record in *Hansard*, and they appear again in this publication. Dumbarton Oaks, the international gatherings at San Francisco and subsequently, are pictured as steps toward the imposition of a totalitarian world-state. Says *Vers Demain*:

"There are only two international forces which seek to accomplish this work: international finance and international communism. . . . They work together in perfect harmony. . . . Let us not be surprised, for international finance and international communism are one and the same world power. The Russian Bolshevik revolution was promoted in the banking parlors of New York and Hambourg. 'A super-nation, with a super-national military force at its service! It is the dream of the 'Protocols of Zion'."

Canadians consider themselves a common-sense nation, which involves a degree of political maturity. We think our democratic tradition is deep-rooted. But examine this program again, and recall where we last heard it advanced.

The people don't know what they want; they must be roused and directed by a small devoted band of party workers, who obey orders from party leaders. The glamor of a "new order," which at the same time persuades businessmen and the church that their interests will be preserved. The bogey of communism, the bogey of anti-Semitism, wantonly used. Even the concept of a "chosen people" thrown in for good measure.

This is the new Social Credit.

It has travelled a long way from the foothills of Alberta, and from those Western farmers who welcomed it as a "progressive" force. But there has been no split in Social Credit ranks. Instead, the provincial government acts as a ballast, and the thirteen-member parliamentary group as a national springboard, for the new program of Canada's fourth party.

Clearly, the "Union of Electors" technique which proved successful in Pontiac and which is now hard at work in Richelieu-Vercheres, is also destined to appear in other parts of Canada. The North Bay convention marked the trend. And how well will it succeed?

Ron Gostick told the convention: "It is true that Anglo-Saxons are awfully hard to move and rouse. But we've been well satisfied with recent meetings in this province."

Certainly the new program has the blessing of the Social Credit national leaders. Solon Low told a party gathering:

"The principles of the Union of Electors in Quebec are the most dynamic Social Credit principles to be found in all Canada."

# Justice and Japanese Canadians

*Edith Fowke*

▶ ON DECEMBER 2 the Privy Council ruled that the Canadian Government's Orders-in-Council authorizing the deportation of certain groups of Japanese-Canadians were valid, thus upholding the Supreme Court's judgment of last February. This decision has disappointed those who looked to the Privy Council as the legal guardian of the rights of minorities within the British Commonwealth. The judges ruled that under the War Emergency Powers Act the government could legally do anything it considered necessary for the safety of the Dominion, and made this significant comment: "It is not pertinent to the judiciary to consider the wisdom or propriety of the particular policy which is embodied in the emergency legislation. Determination of the policy to be followed is exclusively a matter for the Parliament of the Dominion and those to whom it has delivered its powers."

Thus, by ruling that the Canadian Government has the power to do anything it sees fit, regardless of the right or justice of such actions, the Privy Council has, in effect, thrown the case back to the people of Canada. The decision merely underlines the fact that we can never depend upon laws or constitutions to defend our rights: eternal vigilance is still the price of liberty.

Although the legal battle has been lost, it is generally believed that the widespread public protest against the Orders-in-Council has gained its end. The Government has not yet made any definite statement, but reports from Ottawa indicate that it is now unlikely that any Japanese-Canadians will be deported against their will. That is something gained: the ultimate disgrace of compelling Canadians to leave their homeland by force cannot now be charged against us. However, already some 3,700 persons of Japanese origin (about half of them Canadian-born) have been sent to Japan in accordance with their own wishes. That these persons should have chosen to go to starving and devastated Japan rather than to remain in Canada is a severe indictment of the treatment they received in this "democratic" country. Can we blame them if, after being treated as enemies and herded into camps simply because of their racial origin, after seeing the work of years destroyed overnight through no fault of their own, they felt unable to start over again, in the face of continuing hostility and unceasing prejudice?

It is now too late to make restitution to those four thousand who, in despair, have given up the struggle to obtain justice in Canada. We must insist, however, that those Canadian-born sons and daughters who felt obliged to accompany their parents to Japan shall retain their Canadian citizenship and shall be free to return to the land of their birth whenever they choose to do so.

To those who still remain in Canada we have other obligations. Nothing we can do now can wipe out completely the injustices inflicted on these people "who have been guilty of no act of sabotage and who have manifested no disloyalty even during periods of utmost trial," but there are some things which we can and must do. Up to the present, attention has been focussed on the struggle to prevent wholesale deportation. Now that that issue looms less large, the fight must be continued on other less dramatic but none the less important issues.

The first and most obvious need is the removal of the wartime restrictions placed on Japanese-Canadians. These re-

strictions, imposed by Orders-in-Council after Pearl Harbor, are still in effect today, nearly a year and a half after the end of hostilities. Legally all Canadians of Japanese ancestry are still required to obtain RCMP travel permits before crossing any provincial boundary, changing their place of residence, entering the British Columbia coastal area, or travelling more than fifty miles within British Columbia. Because of the bar to Japanese-Canadians entering the British Columbia coastal region, three Nisei who won University of British Columbia scholarships have been unable to use them.

Another order prohibits all persons of Japanese ancestry from fishing in British Columbia or the Pacific coastal waters without a permit from the Commissioner, and up to the present no such permits have been granted. Only a short time ago the application of two Nisei war veterans for permits was refused.

Still another regulation requires all persons of Japanese ancestry to secure a license from the Department of Labor before they can purchase property. While such licenses are usually granted, nevertheless they can be refused without any opportunity of appeal.

Such restrictions upon the liberty of Canadian residents "who have been guilty of no crime or even of any ill intention" were unjustified even in time of war. Today, when the excuse of war emergency is far behind us, it is difficult to imagine upon what pretext they are retained.

The National Emergency Transitional Powers Act, which extended the War Measures Act under which these Orders-in-Council were passed, is due to expire by March 31, 1947. The regulations in question will then lapse unless new legislation is introduced to extend them. We may hope that no such legislation will be introduced, and that instead the Government will announce a definite policy toward Japanese-Canadians based on the recognition of their rights to full citizenship.

The Government's policy of dispersing the Japanese-Canadians throughout Canada is already well advanced. On October 31, 1946, only 7,060 persons of Japanese origin remained in British Columbia, as compared with 13,720 in the other provinces. Those still remaining in the British Columbia settlements are being moved eastward as rapidly as possible. Temporary relocation centres have been established at Farnham in Quebec and at Neys and Fingal in Ontario.

In spite of many difficulties, the Japanese-Canadians are becoming satisfactorily resettled. A recent report from Ottawa credited Humphrey Mitchell with the statement that Canadian farmers, industrial employers, housewives, logging operators, etc., are completely satisfied with Japanese as employees and that today the Department of Labor could place ten times the available number of Japanese in jobs. The report also says that Canadians have found the Japanese quiet and industrious workers, and that anti-Japanese feeling continues to exist only in a few isolated spots.

This is encouraging, but even among those now satisfactorily re-established there continues to exist a feeling of doubt and insecurity. What is now needed is a clear statement of government policy which will make clear both to the general public and to the Japanese-Canadians themselves that they are accepted as citizens and entitled to equal citizenship rights.

Even after the question of deportation is dropped and all restrictions are lifted, there still remains another important step to be taken before the ledger on our treatment of the Japanese-Canadians can be closed. When the Japanese-Canadians were evacuated from the Pacific Coast early in



1942, their property was vested in a Custodian of Alien Property "for protective purposes only." After the hasty evacuation, there were many instances where fishing gear was stolen from boats, houses were broken into and robbed, and personal effects were rifled and destroyed. To date, no compensation has been made for these losses.

Then, some months later, the Custodian was given power to "liquidate, sell, or otherwise dispose of" the properties of evacuated persons. All such property was disposed of without the consent of the owners. In most cases the sums received from the sale of both real and personal property were far below the market value.

Two cases may be given as examples: Sergeant Buck Suzuki was born in Canada, and his parents lived here for over thirty years. He, together with another Japanese-Canadian, gave the surrender order to the Japanese forces in Southeast Asia. When he returned from Burma he found that his house, lot, and furniture, valued at \$7,000, had been sold by the Custodian for \$1,963, and that his wife and child had been forcibly moved to Ontario. Uazusu Shoji, who was twice wounded while fighting with the Princess Pats in World War I, had purchased 19 acres of land under the Soldiers' Settlement Act and established a chicken farm. His 19 acres, a two-storied house, four chicken houses, an electric incubator, and 2,500 fowls were sold for \$1,492.59. After certain deductions for taxes and sundries were made, Mr. Shoji received a cheque for \$39.32.

These are not isolated cases. They are somewhat more dramatic than others because these two men both fought abroad in wars supposedly waged for democracy only to receive such treatment at home. The Co-operative Committee on Japanese-Canadians has records of hundreds of other cases in which similar grave injustices were done.

It is impossible fully to repay these people for the loss of property which has taken a lifetime to build up and which was dear to them for sentimental reasons quite apart from its material value. However, some amends must be made, and the Co-operative Committee is calling upon the government to establish a claims commission to restore property where possible, to order restitution for losses where property cannot be restored, and to grant compensation for net loss in income as a result of evacuation. At present the Japanese-Canadian Committee for Democracy is collecting detailed information from as many as possible of the British Columbia evacuees, so that the true picture can be given to the Government.

It is worthy of note that in the United States, where the property losses were by no means so general or so extensive as in Canada, J. A. Krug, the Secretary of the Interior, has drawn up a bill to be submitted to Congress asking that an Evacuation Claims Commission be established to adjudicate claims by persons of Japanese ancestry for losses arising as a result of the evacuation program. Surely Canada will not again lag behind the United States in attempting to correct the injustices inflicted upon innocent persons as a result of unreasoning war hysteria and racial prejudice.

## Hospitals: Saskatchewan's New Public Utility

*Morris C. Shumiatcher*

► IF THERE IS MAGIC in dates, January first, 1947, is the proverbial golden cockerel that ushers in the bright dawn of a happier day. For when the cock crowed on the farms of Saskatchewan early on New Year's morning, the farmers, their wives and the hired men—the workers in the towns, the teachers, and the white-collared shopkeepers all knew that sickness, accident and disability were less terrible than they had been.

New Year's day of '45 had been significant too; Saskatchewan's CCF government had upped the workmen's compensation disability benefits to 75 per cent and had abolished the waiting period following a workman's accident when his need was greatest. By New Year's day of '46 the Health Services Planning Commission had laid careful plans for the establishment of health regions by groups of municipalities which began to furnish the residents of given areas in the province with socialized medical, dental and public health services. Blind persons, old age pensioners, widows and indigent mothers numbering about 30,000, began to carry and discover the value of their precious blue cards that guaranteed them free hospital, medical and dental care. The automobile accident insurance scheme was ready for presentation to the Legislature, and was soon to protect every man, woman and child in Saskatchewan against the expense of illness and the destitution occasioned by the death of a breadwinner on the highways of the province. The most precious resource of the community was at last beginning to receive the care and thought it deserved; improvement and preservation of the health and welfare of the people became a principal activity of government. And then on New Year's day of '47, Saskatchewan's health blueprints were translated one stage further along the road to construction. Free hospitalization became the right of every man, woman and child in the province. Regardless of need or ability to pay and regardless of occupation or place of residence, every one in Saskatchewan, on that day became entitled, when ill, and at the instance of his own physician, to hospital care under the new *Hospitalization Act*.

Ever since people of small means have been free to band together and organize, they have from time to time attempted to meet the common risks of living by mutual and co-operative action. Friendly societies, which were the forerunners of the trade union movement, were created primarily to provide sickness and death benefits for their small membership. But these organizations were small in their membership and restricted in their scope. They were limited to the highest paid and best organized workers, and those whose need was greatest enjoyed no benefit. While the political philosophy of *laissez faire* of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries prevailed, the state remained aloof from all such schemes. Not only did it refuse to participate, but often it actively prosecuted the members of societies and trade unions as conspirators restraining free trade. Generally, the state remained indifferent. But all the while there developed among the people of many countries a growing consciousness of the importance of good health. Through workers' and farmers' organizations there grew a steady demand for improved medical care and public health services. While many European countries advanced toward the establishment of integrated socialized health schemes, this continent contented itself with a hotch-potch of voluntary systems cater-

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ing only to the most prosperous segment of the commercial and professional employee groups. The vast majority of people relied upon their uncertain savings or upon their ability to raise a loan from friends or lending institutions to meet the high costs of unexpected sickness and disability. It is significant that approximately 65 per cent of the small loans made by lending companies in Canada were expended to defray debts incurred for hospital and medical services.

In Canada, a complete scheme of health insurance has always formed an integral part of the CCF program. Its application has steadily grown because it provides the most efficient framework for dealing with sickness and incapacity. It can be effectively administered only by a socialist state because it demands that a higher priority be given to human than to material considerations. Thus, under Saskatchewan's socialist government, steady progress has been made since its first special session, toward the establishment of a system of complete health services. The cost of these important services is high and the new Saskatchewan government has not discovered some miraculous way of creating money by the famous fountain-pen method advocated by the social credit politicians of its sister-province to the west. But Saskatchewan has applied the principle, so often mentioned by Premier Tommy Douglas, that those who are strong and able to pay should bear the burdens of those who are weak and in need of assistance. By simply applying the people's considerable experience in co-operative enterprise a province, small in population, poor in industrial development, and burdened with a relatively high per capita debt, has been able to forge ahead of every province in Canada and every state in the American Union in the care and comfort it affords its ill and injured citizens. If a nation's civilization is to be judged according to its solicitude for the poor, the weak and the sick within its borders, then Saskatchewan has indeed reached a high peak of social development.

How does the new hospitalization plan operate in this western province? Months of labor were devoted by Premier Douglas as Minister of Public Health, and his able assistants, Dr. Mindel Sheps, Dr. F. D. Mott and Dr. C. G. Sheps (to name but a few of the pioneers of the plan) to the establishment of the complex machinery necessary to deal with the wide range of problems inherent in the administration of the provincial hospitalization scheme. First, during the last three months of 1946, every man, woman and child in the province was required to register under the plan. A fee of five dollars per year, with a maximum of thirty dollars for any family, became payable either in a lump sum, by installments, or by deductions made by employers from weekly or monthly pay cheques. Exempt from the levy are veterans who are still entitled to free health services under their one year discharge benefits, and the 30,000 persons in the province already holding blue cards entitling them to free medical treatment and hospital accommodation. Local municipal authorities conducted the registration and collected the fees on a small commission basis. Tabulators in Regina classified and filed approximately 800,000 cards. Hospital accounting systems were made uniform and detailed instructions were issued to hospital boards and to the physicians and surgeons of the province. The fund which accumulated from the payment of fees in every part of the province will meet the hospitalization costs for the year 1947; the scheme is considered to be sound and self-supporting, but behind the fund stands the credit and the consolidated revenues of the provincial government itself.

The successful operation of the plan is premised upon the co-operation of the medical profession. Any qualified practitioner may certify a patient to be in need of hospital care; upon such doctor's request, his patient is admitted without cost to a hospital. The scheme provides free public ward

accommodation, and if a private or semi-private room is desired, the additional cost only is borne by the patient. Drugs, medicines and nursing care are provided under the plan without cost. Meals and special diets are, of course, included within the scope of general hospital care. X-ray, laboratory and physio-therapy treatment is furnished if required. Where surgery is necessary, operating-room facilities are provided without cost, and surgical dressings are likewise free. Hospital maternity care is included in the benefits under the scheme, and new-born babies receive all hospitalization that may be necessary from birth until January first of the following year, without cost. The plan includes all hospitals in the province, and a patient is not necessarily required to enter only the hospital in his district: he has freedom of choice and may be admitted anywhere in the province. Residents of Saskatchewan who fall ill outside the province, or who require treatment outside Saskatchewan enjoy the same benefits in the hospitals of other provincial jurisdictions, as in Saskatchewan.

The problem of hospital accommodation is naturally one that has caused some concern in the province. Overcrowding was a feature common to all hospitals in Canada during the war years when people, long in need of medical care, at last enjoyed an income sufficient to obtain it. When the CCF government came to office in July of 1944, there were approximately 4 beds per 1000 population in Saskatchewan. Since then, hospital accommodation has increased 21 per cent and on January first of 1947, when the hospital services plan came into operation, there were 4.8 beds per 1000 of population. It is recognized that hospital facilities must be further extended and to that end, the movement toward the establishment of union hospital districts is being encouraged and accelerated. Grants in aid are made by the government to local public bodies for the extension of existing hospital facilities and for the construction of new accommodation. The risk which attended the collection of hospital accounts in the past has been completely eliminated under the hospital services plan since the government now holds itself directly responsible for the payment of all bills. This in itself constitutes a strong incentive to hospital boards and charitable organizations to expand their facilities even further. As a result of the plan, Saskatchewan is experiencing a hospital building boom, and the program includes nursing homes, health centres and clinics. It is expected that in the near future, the province will enjoy 6 hospital beds for every 1000 of population. Even more important, however, the facilities of the existing hospitals are being improved; new and modern equipment is finding its way to small, outlying hospitals; specialists are moving into rural areas; efficiency is increasing, and the farmers, fishermen, trappers and lumbermen who constitute the vast majority of the people of Saskatchewan are, at last, beginning to enjoy the benefits of modern medicine which, heretofore, have been available only to the urban dweller. Where rural facilities are not adequate, the two government owned and operated ambulance planes are available in case of emergency to everyone on the shortest of notice, to carry patients to specialists or to larger, better-equipped hospitals.

The hospital services plan is only a part of the Saskatchewan health program. Under *The Health Services Act, 1944*, the province has been divided into fourteen proposed health regions. The residents of the townships within each region, by co-operation among themselves and through their municipal councils, are able to combine their resources and establish one or more health centres capable of furnishing a high degree of both individual and public health services to the area. Extended immunization and sanitation facilities rate high in this program. The regional board, with the assistance of the Health Services Planning Commission, may

engage medical doctors, surgeons, dentists and nurses who serve the residents of the region. A large number of physicians are paid on a fee for service basis; others are on salary. In the latter case, salaries are paid by the board through a levy approved by the residents. The extent of the medical and dental services enjoyed by the people of any region may vary according to the wishes of the majority of persons affected. Already, two regions are in full operation; the people of the Swift Current Region and of the Weyburn-Estevan Region have entered upon this experiment in health insurance with much success. Other regions are in the process of formation and only the limitation inherent in the number of skilled personnel available is retarding the province-wide application of the scheme.

Thus are the people of Saskatchewan securing relief from the worry, uncertainty and expense which accompany illness. Thus also, are they raising the health standards of the people in the province generally. They are able to accomplish these ends because they stand solidly behind the theory so clearly enunciated by Premier Douglas: "All of us agree," he said, "that health should be the common heritage of all people . . . good health must be placed within the reach of every citizen, irrespective of his ability to pay."

Health, therefore, is coming to be regarded as a public utility, at least as necessary as fire and police protection, and as much the responsibility of governments to provide. Not many years have passed since every man of means employed his own bodyguards to protect his person and purse; not many years ago a man relied upon his own retainers or upon the charity of his neighbors to save his home from fire. Today, those essential services are provided by the state through a levy upon all persons in the form of taxes. Not even the most reactionary would suggest a return to the days of private fire and police protection. The same principle now applies to hospitalization. This is the corollary that must inevitably follow from any realistic view of medical practice. Disease, like fire, may spread to every part of the national community; and contagion, like fire, is no respecter of a man's purse. Therefore, it is necessary that the dangers to which the community as a whole is subject should be met by collective community action. The people of Saskatchewan believe that health protection is as great a need as the protection afforded by their policemen and their firefighters. For this reason, on January first, hospitalization became a public utility and a public duty, the costs of which are met by the public as a whole, and the benefits of which are enjoyed by those who need them. The hospital and the fire hall are now viewed in precisely the same light; everyone hopes he will have no need to call upon the services of either; but if the necessity arises, they know that the facilities of both are theirs for the asking without charge and without regard for their individual ability to pay.

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## A Point of Law

William Brown

► RIGHT after breakfast my grandfather and I gathered up all the empty baskets we could find and went out to clean off the grapevine in the front field. The vine grew along the snake fence but it trailed out between the rails and most of the grapes were on the side of the fence nearest the road. Those big blue grapes made dandy jelly. Back at the house my grandmother was all ready to start making the jelly as soon as we came back and we were looking forward to having some for breakfast next morning.

Only when we got out to the fence we saw that the vine had been stripped clean. My grandfather walked up and down looking at it. He got down on his hands and knees and poked around underneath to see if there weren't maybe one or two bunches left. Then he got up again.

"Somebody's been at this here vine," he said, pointing down at it.

"Maybe it was the birds or something, Grandpa," I said.

My grandfather thought about that for a minute. "No bird flies off with a whole bunch at a time," he said. "It walked on two legs all right, but it didn't have no feathers or wings."

My grandfather was a methodical man. Every night before he went to bed he planned out the work he was going to do the next day and nothing could make him change his mind. My grandmother used to say that he'd plan out his own funeral and if anything went wrong in the middle of it he'd poke his head out of the coffin and make them start all over again.

Anyways, now that the grapes were gone his routine for the morning was all upset and he didn't know what to do next. It made him mad and confused and he sat down on the fence and cut himself a chew of tobacco while he figured it out. First he thought about going and fixing the drive shed door but that didn't seem to satisfy him. We sat there on the fence in the hot sun until he dozed and almost fell off.

"We'll go into town," he said, "I'm going to see the constable about this and about them three bags of potatoes we had stolen. I'm not going to put up with this any longer. We'll go and see the constable. That's what we'll do this morning."

Making up his mind that way made him feel better, but he didn't seem to be in any hurry to get started. We must have been sitting there about fifteen minutes when we saw Willis Fraser coming down the road on his bicycle with a fishing pole tied to the handle bars. Willis had fifty acres of no-good land about half a mile down the road and he was the kind of man, who, when he came to see you, you rushed out after he was gone to count your chickens. Everybody said he was the littlest man and had the longest tongue in the whole township. That tongue got him into plenty of trouble but it nearly always got him out of it again. People were hoping that some day his tongue would get so long he'd trip over it and not be able to get up again.

Willis didn't see us until my grandfather called out, "Good day, Willis."

Willis jumped about six inches off the bicycle seat and he wobbled around there on the road till I thought he was going to fall off and break his neck.

"Take care, Willis!" my grandfather shouted.

"Watch out, Willis, don't fall and break that fish pole!" I hollered.

"Whoa, you son of a gun!" Willis said, wrestling with the bicycle like a cowboy on a bucking broncho. He finally

flew off into the ditch and he got up looking as though his feelings were hurt.

"Don't ever scare me like that again," he said. "I might've hurt myself bad." He was pretty sore at my grandfather for laughing at him. He was a little man with big ideas about his dignity.

"Going fishing, I see," my grandfather said, when he had finished laughing.

"Yep. It's too nice a day for working."

"Maybe it is," my grandfather said. "I was going to work this morning. I was going to strip this grapevine, but I see somebody's been here before me."

Willis clucked with his tongue and shook his head. "Well, now, that's a shame," he said. "Have you got any idea who done it?"

My grandfather pulled his straw hat down over his forehead so that he had to tilt his head back to look at Willis. "I got an idea in the back of my mind who it might have been. I think it might have been the same feller that made off with my potatoes this year."

"It could've been," Willis said, thinking about it. "Yes sir, it could've been."

"But this time he ain't getting away with it," my grandfather said. "This time I'm going to have him throwed into jail."

Without looking away from Willis my grandfather turned his head aside and spat tobacco juice. Then Willis spat. That went on for quite a while, first one and then the other till it looked as though they were having a contest to see who could spit farthest and hardest. I stood there looking down at a couple of red ants drowning in it all.

"And what would you have this feller charged with?" Willis asked.

"Trespassing and stealing."

Willis shook his head. "I'm no lawyer, but I don't think you can do it," he said. "Not for trespassing, anyway. This feller, whoever he is, could pick every last grape without setting foot on your property."

"Maybe so," my grandfather said, "but I can still get him for stealing."

Willis looked kind of doubtful. "On thinking it over," he said, "I don't know whether you can do that either. Them grapes are all out along the roadside and the road is public property, you know."

My grandfather looked kind of surprised. "That don't matter. The vine grows on my land."

"Like I said, I'm no lawyer. But what's inside the fence is yours, what's outside is public property," Willis said.

My grandfather was getting red in the face and he couldn't seem to keep his hands still. He picked up one of the empty baskets and threw it down again. Then he pushed his hat back on his head and pulled it forward again.

"Are you standing there and telling me that all I own of that vine is just the root?" he said. "Why, I never heard anything so crazy in my life." He turned to me. "Did you ever hear anything as crazy as that?"

I didn't say anything.

My grandfather was getting kind of confused again. "Sure it's crazy. You take up stuff like that in school, don't you?"

I just shook my head and got ready to jump down off the fence and run.

"Look at it this way," Willis said. "Suppose a spring comes up in one of your fields and runs maybe ten miles to the river. You'd have to claim that you owned the

spring clean to the river just because it started on your property. Yes, and you'd have to claim part of the river, too. There's no telling where it would end."

My grandfather didn't say anything for a while. "It ain't the same thing at all," he said at last. "This is different."

"I don't see how," Willis said. "It don't look to me as though you'd have much chance in court, even if you could lay hands on the feller that took the grapes. You might just go to a lot of expense for nothing and then maybe end up by making a fool of yourself."

I thought my grandfather's eyes were going to pop out of his head. "Anyways, if I ever catch him at that kind of thing again I'll fill his pants with buckshot," he said.

"I wouldn't do that either," Willis said. "This feller could get you into a lot of trouble for that and you might even end up in jail yourself. No, there doesn't seem to be much you can do about it. It's too bad about the grapes because there's nothing nicer than grape jelly. If you want some maybe my wife can let you have a jar or two. We got plenty."

Willis picked up his bicycle and started to get on it. "Why don't you take the morning off and go fishing with me?" he asked. "You said yourself it was too nice a day for working."

I was scared my grandfather would go with him. "We can't," I said. "Grandpa and me are going into town this morning."

My grandfather looked at me as though he were going to pick up one of the empty baskets and whack me with it. "We are not," he said. "And we're not going fishing either."

"Then I'll bring you back one," Willis said, and he rode away.

My grandfather looked after him. "I wisht I could make him fall off that machine again," he said.

I was disappointed at not going to town because we only went about three times a year. "Why aren't we going to town, Grandpa?" I asked.

"You shut up your mouth," my grandfather said. "I'm thinking."

He stood there scratching under his armpit and staring off down the road after Willis. Now his whole morning was spoiled again.

## *Soldier's Settlement*

Wring all your memories for the future  
Out of this hour and this warm wind—  
Hands clasped tight, eyes gazing over  
The valley of autumn choked with sun,

Down and over the stony pasture,  
The trickle of road that bounds your luck,  
And forty meadows and forty farmers  
Hanging over the rich men's lake.

Keep at your back, as you stand together,  
The wind-dwarfed trees and the rubble fence:  
Let no auguries of disaster  
Invade this hour, this innocence.

No hint of the war with time and weather,  
Of the hope that will turn, in twenty years,  
To the comfort of saying to one another  
That it could have been worse.

But stand for an instant, and fix forever  
The battered mail-box, the shallow stream,  
In a frame where the world's all gold and azure  
And the stony pasture, plinth of a dream.

*John Glassco.*



# Art Criticism and the Canadian Academy

Harley Parker

► THERE IS in Canada a remarkable dearth of adequate criticism of painting. Art may be criticized from many points of view. Regarding it as a means of communication, I would judge art on what it says about man or his environment, and how this is said. It may be asked: "To whom should it say something?" The answer is that potentially it must be capable of speaking to everyone who can understand the language; and the language of pictures is universal.

Adequate criticism is constructive analysis which gives to both artist and public a method of evaluating a work of art. That the public needs such a method can easily be gathered by listening to the average comment in the Toronto Art Gallery on "free" Sundays: "Now, I like that. It reminds me of the hills around the cottage." Nostalgia alone is not a valid basis for criticism. Nor is "It must be good because it's in the Art Gallery" a valid judgment; rather, it is indicative of an educational system designed to teach uncritical reverence for vested authority. In an advancing society, and we *hope* that term may be applied to ours, the critical faculty must be developed in everyone—layman as well as specialist—in living as well as in art. The artist, of course, needs criticism, mainly self-criticism. Said Leonardo da Vinci: "An artist advances behind his self-criticism." But when it becomes obvious that there is too little self-criticism a gentle nudge by a competent critic could, perhaps, accomplish a good deal.

For convenient analysis, a painting may be broken down into conception and form. These two, successfully welded together, montage-fashion, create a new thing, neither conception nor form, but something we call art. This synthesizing process may be explained possibly by the analogy of looking at two photographs: a horse, and a pair of binoculars. These two pictures seen together would suggest the idea of horse-racing, a new third thing. The conception is the artist's individual outlook on his subject and the form is his means of presentation. Much of a controversial nature might be said about these two terms, conception and form, but there is only space here to sum up briefly. Conception may be judged to be of greater or lesser human significance. The form for our purposes can be evaluated in terms of how fully it expresses the conception. Then the argument arises that the conception can only be judged when the form is at least partly successful. This is quite true. I have been told by a painter friend that the critic *cannot* judge the conception of a painting. About some paintings in the Royal Canadian Academy show now at the Toronto Art Gallery he would probably be right. The conception could not possibly survive the onslaught of so much ill-conceived form. In dealing with work, however, in which the form *is* expressive, it is possible for the person looking at art to arrive at some evaluation of conception.

The platitude, the banal remark, is easily spotted in conversation. Why not also in painting? Is it because most people see paintings through the misty haze which the sacrosanct word "Art" conjures up? There is much-admitted need for both public and artist to understand that art is as much a part of daily living as is eating. In Canada, people are born, suffer, love and die as they do everywhere else. We have plenty to talk about, write about, to sing and paint about.

But complaints are long and loud about the aridity of Canadian Art and the apathy of the public. Both artists and public are to blame. Here is a job for a middleman. The critic can help to bridge this gap by pointing out simply and objectively the faults that accrue to art through the cleavage which now exists between art and life, and between the artist and the layman. He can also show the public what is creative in Canadian painting today.

There are a dozen examples in the Academy show of truly creative painting, in which the impact of the Canadian scene on personalities attuned to it and equipped formally to express it produces art. Many paintings, however, seem dry and meaningless because much of the form is inorganic, does not spring from the conception. The welding process is incomplete, or often not attempted at all. Techniques are out of tone with subject-matter. Painters try to compress abounding life into the confines of a formula, a formula which is the result of a marriage between unreasoning acceptance of tradition and an attitude that art is supremely precious and apart from actual living. One of the happiest thoughts that occurs to me about the exhibition of the R. C. A. is that it is not representative of Canadian Art. Many of the better known Canadian artists are not represented at all and others only by one painting. It would not, however, be valid to criticize the Academy on the basis of its lack of complete representation. Academies never have taken to their hearts the more radical outlooks in art. They cannot be expected to show futurist, surrealist, neo-romantic or any other radical category of art, but we can expect them to show art. We have to take it for granted that the Academy or its equivalent will always be with us, but it does not have to be the repository for platitudinous portraits and devitalized landscapes that it now is. So much pomposity! So much pretentiousness! Potential court painters without adequate means of expression because there aren't enough courts in Canada to go around. At least I have the queer feeling when I look at some of the portraits that the amount of distinction depends on the distinction of the sitters. Ah—the V. C.'s! Ah—the Doctors of Law!

There is however another side to the Academy show. Some of the paintings there certainly deserve better company. Again, there are places where art peers through frustrated technique but quite often the techniques are so smooth that the eye slides easily over to the next painting.

In making a plea for good art criticism it should be mentioned that the critic cannot tell you everything. There is, of course, much that is personal in an individual's taste for pictures. It is not the critic's job to tell you what to like, but rather to define terms in the language of art which will enable a person to know why he likes a thing, and also to know what is art regardless of whether or not he can appreciate it. The critic can point out that form in art may be seen as shapes, spaces, colors, and the disposition of these shapes and colors on the canvas. In a good painting these seem to be as right and satisfying as the disposition of notes in good music. There are, of course, many types of relationships which may be discussed—psychological as well as physical. There is not space here to fully analyze the functions of an art critic, but these suggestions would perhaps indicate the line that criticism might take to be of most benefit—especially to the layman. The thrilling painting, the great work of art is the one in which you don't have to look for the fine method of presentation (form). It comes out and hits you—beautiful relationships of space, color and shape carrying with them a powerful emotional reaction. Art carries with it a special magic which can be conveyed by no other medium and to be capable of appreciating painting is to be capable of living more completely.

# Libraries in Saskatchewan Today

J. R. Bothwell

► SASKATCHEWAN is leading the way in library development. Regional Library organization has been started, a Supervisor of School Libraries appointed, a Library Advisory Council created and scholarships for library training have been instituted. These scholarships are the first to be awarded in Canada by any government.

Within a month after taking office the present Government devised a plan of library development, the first step being the co-ordination of three library divisions, Legislative, Public Information and Travelling, under the administration of the Provincial Librarian. After a survey of these services it was decided to "set its own house in order" by a complete reorganization. A vigorous policy of modernizing these two rural libraries was undertaken, hundreds of old and worthless books being discarded; to make possible this re-organization and to make this a completely free service the appropriation was tripled by the government.

The Travelling Libraries, with services mostly in the out-lying parts, have also had a remarkable growth. Each library box contains fifty books. While this is in the nature of recreational reading, ten books other than fiction are now included in each collection. For the first time also, hundreds of Pocket Editions are included and are having the desired effect of not only increasing reading but of stimulating borrowers to enquire as to the purchase of these books for themselves which is really the ultimate aim of any good library service. Travelling Libraries reach the far-flung areas of the North through boat services twice a year, airplane and even dog-team. These libraries have followed the active program of northern development of the Department of Natural Resources and are now provided for the employees of fish filleting plants, trappers, lumber camps, etc.

After this re-organization had been successfully launched, attention was then turned to the expansion of rural services and in December of last year the Government created a Library Advisory Council to study these problems and make recommendations. Dr. Carlyle King, Professor of English, University of Saskatchewan, was named Chairman and the other members are: Mrs. J. B. Harrington, Saskatoon, (President, Provincial Council of Women); Mrs. E. Thomas, Langenburg, and nominee of the Saskatchewan Teachers Federation; Dr. H. C. Newland, representing the Department of Education; Rev. Father Gregory Feré, Librarian, Campion College; Rev. Homer Lane, United Church, Regina, and the Provincial Librarian.

The chief recommendation of the Library Advisory Council was the setting-up of a Regional Library plan. To this end the Government passed an Act at the last session of the Legislature to provide for the establishment and maintenance of Regional Libraries, and for the appointment of a Regional Libraries Supervisor to co-operate with municipalities in the operation of these libraries. Miss Marion Gilroy, formerly of the Nova Scotia Regional Libraries Commission, who has done much post-graduate work in the Regional Libraries field, has just been appointed to this position.

In order to provide trained personnel in the future for this library development, the Advisory Council also recommended the establishment of scholarships for library training. The Department of Education has made available to the Council three scholarships to the value of \$600.00 each

to assist qualified young people to secure training in librarianship at accredited library schools. The first awards were made last year and two of the recipients are studying at the Library School of Toronto and one at McGill. These are annual awards and from the many enquiries received it is apparent that these scholarships have stimulated interest in library training.

Progressive steps have been taken by the appointment of a School Libraries Supervisor whose duty it is to co-operate with the Department of Education officials in organizing school libraries throughout the province. This official will also assist in planning and co-ordinating the library work at normal schools and will also lecture on library science there. Miss L. E. Evans, formerly librarian-in-charge of the Kipling Room of the Toronto Public Library, was the government's selection for this appointment. Miss Evans taught school for eight years in Saskatchewan rural schools before taking her Library Science degree at the University of Toronto and is, therefore, familiar with local conditions.

To Hon. T. C. Douglas, Premier, goes the credit of initiating the first move for these library reforms; he has been fully supported in these projects by his Cabinet, particularly Hon. W. S. Lloyd, Minister of Education, who is now Minister in charge of Regional and Rural Library Service. It may be that the premier's experiences as a prairie pastor in rural Saskatchewan make him fully aware of the value of such services, believing as he does that "Man does not live by bread alone." The Minister of Education had the advantage of teaching in various rural schools and as a former President of the Saskatchewan Teachers' Federation he was familiar with the plight of the teachers in regard to library service. This familiarity with the local scene has brought them to the wise conclusion that Saskatchewan's library problem is one that must be worked out for its own needs, and that a pattern that might be admirable for another province would not be successful in Saskatchewan.

The immensity of Saskatchewan, a quarter of a million square miles and larger than all the provinces together of any European country except Russia, impresses one with the magnitude of the task of supplying library service to its inhabitants. Add to this the vigorous winters, the snow-piled roads and the scattered population with its various nationalities and complexities of race, religion and philosophy and the task might seem insuperable. To Saskatchewan, however, these are not obstacles but a challenge.

## Winter Solstice

The river is dry:  
The night is still:  
Old shadows mingle  
Under the hill.

The wilderness reaps  
Where corn was high:  
But a little time  
And the stars will die.

What dark figure  
Breaks the earth?  
Whose the shattering  
Core of birth?

The branch is broken,  
The green hill falls:  
The night and the new-born  
Move our walls.

Margaret R. Gould.

## Recordings

### Philip Freedman

► RECORDINGS of two widely differing concertos will create the greatest interest among this month's releases. The first of these is a new recording of Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto (Victor DM 1075—\$7.75) with Artur Rubenstein and the NBC Orchestra under Vladimir Goldschmann. Recently, Rubenstein recorded this music for the sound track of the movie, "I've Always Loved You," and it was natural for Victor to issue a third recorded version of the concerto to capitalize on whatever interest the film created. The first thing to be said about the recording is that it is superfluous, especially when there are concertos like Beethoven's Second and Brahms' First which are crying out for new recordings. However, Rachmaninoff fans, who probably will not be perturbed at this injustice, will find the new recording more than adequate. There is a good balance between piano and orchestra, and the Rubenstein-Goldschmann interpretation is slightly superior to the old ones. For the most part, the recorded sound is clear and strident. The inner grooves of Victor's discs are still fuzzy, and side 5 of my review copy is fuzzy right through. At times the piano sounds exceedingly reverberant. The recording takes up nine sides; the tenth is devoted to Chopin's Impromptu No. 3, which Rubenstein handles magnificently.

The other work referred to above is Igor Stravinsky's "Ebony Concerto" (Columbia—\$1.00), played by the Woody Herman Orchestra, conducted by the composer. Columbia issues this record with the red label which is usually reserved for swing music. It is therefore necessary to warn Christmas shoppers that many Woody Herman enthusiasts might not appreciate it as a gift. Stravinsky substitutes complex rhythms and highly original instrumentation for the spontaneity of jazz, and he does so in a consciously intellectual manner. "Interesting" is the word for the "Ebony Concerto." The recording is clear, except for some foreign noises on the second side.

A third concerto, hardly worth mentioning, is one by Fritz Kreisler "in the Style of Vivaldi" (Victor DM 1070—\$3.70), with the composer as soloist. The accompanying notes boast that the music is in strict classical form, as if that in itself were a virtue, whereas the music seems to prove that form without content is a deadly combination. However, the concerto does have its charming imitative moments. Kreisler's playing is excellent when it is not harsh, and the sound is adequately reproduced.

By far the best of this month's records is an album of Bach's Organ Music (Victor DM 1048—\$6.40), played by E. Power Biggs on the Harvard Memorial Church organ. The major work is the Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor, which will be familiar to most readers through the Stokowski transcription. Biggs handles the music forthrightly and intelligently, with beautiful phrasing and coherence, making it preferable to the orchestral form. Comparison of the two media is interesting, and shows that the orchestra is quite incapable of presenting Bach's ideas faithfully in the quiet passages. Phrase by phrase throughout the work the brilliance of the organ is paralleled by dullness in the orchestra. There are four other Bach pieces in the album, most of them well known, and all well played. The sound is superior among recordings of the organ.

Both companies have issued excerpts from Wagner. Victor presents Blanche Thebom singing Waltraute's Narrative from the *Götterdämmerung* (\$1.35). From the point of view of one to whom this composer is not always palatable, this

is Wagner at his most pretentious and least enjoyable. It is well sung, well recorded, and provided with a fine accompaniment by Frieder Weissmann. On Columbia we have the Bridal Chamber Scene from *Lohengrin* (Set J91—\$3.00), sung by Helen Traubel and Kurt Baum, with a feeble, hesitant accompaniment by the New York Philharmonic under Rodzinski. Baum's tenor voice is drab beside Traubel's rich, colorful soprano. The surfaces are very noisy, the orchestra sounding particularly muddy. Happily, Columbia provides the German text and an English translation which is at times too free.

On a single disc, Jan Peerce sings arias from Meyerbeer's "L'Africano" and Verdi's "Masked Ball" (Victor—\$1.35). The singing and orchestral accompaniment are beautiful, and they are well reproduced.

## Film Review

### D. Mosdell

► SAM ("Include me out") Goldwyn is reported to have announced that the trouble with Hollywood these days is that it has "no ideas". In view of the fact that Hollywood cinema has never been remarkable for its intellectual content, our first impulsive comment might be "What do you mean, 'these days'?" On slightly maturer reflection we might alter that to "What do you mean, 'no ideas'?", since almost every story, even from the Hollywood hatchery, has some idea behind it; the real trouble with Hollywood ideas, of course, is that they are always so little and so bad—a complaint much more difficult to correct than mere vacuity.

Come to think of it, Mr. G. may have had in mind the latest product of the Hammett-Chandler-Cain gang, *The Big Sleep*, which we must admit comes as close to being a completely meaningless film as any you care to mention. Probably the best comment on it is merely to remark that Bugs Bunny's latest derisive cartoon, *The Big Snooze*, is at least twice as amusing, and half as soporific, as the Bogart-Bacall fiasco.

If he had considered another more or less run-of-the-mill melodrama, *The Strange Loves of Martha Ivers*, Mr. G. might have taken heart. The idea behind this film was, if I am not mistaken, double-barrelled in intent, and might be stated by saying that although to comprehend everything is to pardon everything, the verb "to pardon" is not used in the sense of remitting the penalty . . . a fairly good idea that crops up all the time in books, but hardly ever in the movies. We first see Martha as a glum, intense child of eleven or so, intent on running away from a rich Victorian aunt and her iron foundry to join the circus. Martha's hate for the old lady is tenacious and passionate, and one night during a raging thunder-storm she does her in with an ebony walking-stick for committing mayhem on a favorite kitten. Martha gets away with the murder all right, but by the time she grows up (into Barbara Stanwyck) it is clear that she will never really be free from that early misdeed. Nemesis creeps up on her in rather a novel way; coincidence and bad management are contributory causes, but the real reason for her betrayal lies in her own mind, conditioned by the need for constant watchfulness and her human inclination to credit everybody else with her own somewhat warped mental processes. You do see why Martha thought and acted as she did, but you also realize that the ending is in some sense inevitable. Comprehending and forgiving are obviously subjective states which we indulge in according to our own inclinations and ability, without in any way contravening certain higher laws which operate with impersonal and highly gratifying ferocity.



The fault lies not in the idea, but in the fact that Hollywood states it in melodramatic terms; the crime is murder, and the penalty death. It is far more useful and interesting to see that the same idea worked out in more realistic terms in the Rex Harrison picture, *The Rake's Progress* (called *Notorious Gentleman* here, to avoid misapprehension on the part of amateur gardeners, I suppose). In any case, it wrings our heart, especially at this time of year, to think of Mr. Goldwyn shopping around for new ideas. It is so much more likely that he has some old ones that somebody gave him long ago—if he dusted them off and put them in less rococo settings, they might turn out to be just what he wanted.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### U.N.O. Employment

The Editor: As time goes by and as the responsibilities of United Nations develop and become clarified, attractive opportunities for employment will open to Canadian citizens from time to time. These openings will occur throughout the complex administrative machinery of United Nations and its specialized agencies, and will include a wide variety of professional and administrative posts.

While it would be a mistake to create an impression of numerous positions to be filled in the near future, it is desirable to make Canadians aware of the continuing possibility of employment with the United Nations service. This is particularly so with reference to suitably trained younger men and younger women who have a natural inclination toward service in the international field. Generally speaking, the conditions of employment with United Nations are attractive; involving permanency, good salaries, freedom from national income taxation, pension rights, generous leave provision and opportunities for promotion. While the great portion of staff is posted for service at the headquarters establishment of United Nations, there will always be some positions involving travel or service overseas.

United Nations welcomes applications for examination and classification, with a view to establishing lists of candidates eligible for appointments in the future. Inasmuch as applications will be received from all parts of the world, competition for appointments will be keen, and it is therefore advisable for candidates to supply the fullest information concerning their training and experience and other qualifications. Correspondence and requests for Application Forms should be addressed to: The Director, Bureau of Personnel, United Nations, Lake Success, N.Y.

It occurs to me that you might wish to bring the above information to the attention of the Canadian Forum readers. I assure you that the Bureau of Personnel will welcome and appreciate any co-operation you may be able to extend in this matter.

W. B. Herbert,  
Chief of Canadian Recruitment pro temp.,  
United Nations, Ottawa, Ont.

### World Government

The Editor: Mr. Lewis Duncan and the World Government Association has found, it appears, the solution to peace, and it's so absurdly simple: merely convert the United Nations Assembly into a World Parliament, with legislative authority over the armaments and armed forces of the constituent nations, and presto! no more war!

Well, it's a beautiful theory, but, like prohibition, it doesn't work, because it doesn't take into consideration emotional factors. We have here two peoples under one government, yet one could hardly say that relations between the two groups are very cordial. Greece has one government, yet a virtual civil war rages; Iran is under one government, but peace there is strained to the limit; Palestine is under one government, yet Jews and Arabs are fighting each other over the ultimate control of that little country and can't be made to get together to work out a plan agreeable to both. Civil war has raged in China for years, and civil war now faces India, where the two major races cannot be made to settle their differences. If, then, the existence of a government in any of these countries is no guarantee of peace within them, how could one expect it to work any better on the larger scale, where national and religious differences are intensified? If the cat and dog cannot be made to live together on a basis of mutual respect (such as is being attempted in the UNO) I'm sure they won't live any more harmoniously by tying their tails together (via a world government).

Secondly, no world government could be any more stable than any national government in which no one philosophy, political, economic, or otherwise, dominates. Racial feeling would still be intense; and political parties would tend to form themselves along racial and religious lines. They should, of course, form themselves along economic lines but, in the main, they won't, as the example in many nations of Europe can testify. No one race dominates, hence any such government would be a patchwork of shifts and compromises, precisely as the UNO is now.

The components of peace are many, not one, and a purely mechanical solution which admits of no other factors is no solution at all. Armies and armaments alone are not a cause of war; differences, economic, racial, religious, and cultural, are the basic causes of armies. Our task is to accustom these various groups to tolerate each other, and this can be done by getting them to work together on mutual problems (as the UNO is doing) without being wedded. A world government is an eventuality, but in a world torn by various prejudice it is at present impractical. Our task is to work with the material at hand, not to create for ourselves material out of components that do not at present exist. Let's be realistic about our idealism.

William Philip Rowley, Toronto, Ont.

### The Ice Lady

Ice has conquered. Her fire is out.  
In her cave of chastity this  
Darling of gods freezes all doubt  
In the holiest synthesis.

She strums a heavenly chord, to wake  
Echoes that her chaste lips whisper,  
Pouring out for chastity's sake  
A song that is tenser and crisper.

All that her chasteness possesses  
Shuts out man's phallic caresses,  
The infant suckling of her teats  
And ecstasy from her heart-beats.

Teardrops, dripping from her cave's ceiling,  
Limes within stalactite feeling  
This young oblate of chastity,  
Who dreamsleaves with divinity.

Clem Graham.

## TURNING NEW LEAVES

This latest book\* by Arthur Koestler is an attempt to present in the form of a novel the case for Jewish Nationalism in Palestine. The hero, Joseph, half-Jewish half-English, having been repulsed in an early love-affair because he is a Semite, emigrates to Palestine and joins in the formation of an agricultural commune, together with other refugees from the Europe of the thirties, who are haunted by emotional and psychical nightmares far more horrible than his. The building of a farming community in the wasteland, in the teeth of armed Arab opposition and government neglect, is enthusiastically described. Against a background of forbidding and infertile hills, brooded over by memories of ancient aspirations, conquest, persecution and blood, are sketched the hopes and frustrations of a nation trying to be reborn. Joseph, recognizing the limitations and piecemeal character of the communal experiment, gradually drifts toward the extremist solution of the problem. Disgusted by the Arab-appeasing White Paper of 1939 and maddened by the brutal killing of Dina by Arabs, Joseph joins the Stern gang, although his activities as a member are none too graphically indicated. There, rather unsatisfactorily, the book ends—in 1939.

It would be obtuse to suggest that the need for a Jewish National Home is any the less urgent in 1946 than in 1939, though the pressure from abroad does not, be it admitted, include the menace of Dachau and Buchenwald. No Jew, however, remembering the slaughter of the past fifteen years, places too much confidence in a Europe, which, as Koestler says, has passed into the political ice age. And other countries, even the most unctuous in their concern about European Jewry, show no conspicuous desire to increase immigration quotas. The physical need for exodus remains, but further dispersal is no solution: the Jewish problem will never be settled, until, as a race, they come to rest as a unit in a community where it will be possible to rebuild their lost emotional stability and recover their lost solidarity. The new Jews of Palestine, children born on the land, lack some of the intellectual and emotional finesse of their elders, but are more confident within themselves. "Our nationalism," remarks a character in the novel, "is homesickness for normality."

No one questions the cogency of these arguments, but Koestler brushes aside two conditional factors: the actual strength of Arab Nationalism, and the repercussions of unrestricted immigration on the whole of Islam. There is a fair probability that an influx of Jews would occasion a wave of Arab Nationalist terror, which the British would be compelled to suppress, and, in so doing, alienate still further Moslem sympathy in a strategic area. Koestler says that England should risk this, and put a human obligation ahead of her own security. It might be a better solution to hand the mandate over to the United Nations. This would reduce the amount of name-calling by guilty consciences, and it would reveal once and for all whether the collective will of the United Nations has more liberality than benighted Britain. Both Jew and Arab might later regret such a scheme, because compromise would result. And nationalism, always absurd and retrograde in others, is a serious matter to its exponents. The Jews, subsidized from abroad, have improved economic conditions in Palestine for the Arab fellaheen, but even this will not, in the end, silence nationalist clamors.

Koestler displays his usual analytic brilliance in exploring the multitude of viewpoints held by Palestine Jews:

\*THIEVES IN THE NIGHT: Arthur Koestler; Macmillan; \$3.00.

Talmudic scholars, pacifists, socialists, members of Hagannah and Irgun Z'wai Le'umi, etc. Doctrinaire fanaticism, he remarks, is the most striking characteristic of his race. He is less happy and more stereotyped in analysing the minds of English administrators and Arab chieftains. What vitiates this novel as a narrative is a defect which was also observable in *Arrival and Departure*. The characters and events are pushed around to fit a thesis. The element of fantasy, which saved *Arrival and Departure*, is absent. Although the book is clever in exposition it does not, moreover, introduce anything particularly fresh into the discussion about Palestine, and this is unusual in the writer of such an original work as *The Yogi and the Commissar*.

JOHN GARRETT.

## BOOKS REVIEWED

### Canadian Artist

GROWING PAINS: The Autobiography of Emily Carr; Oxford; pp. 381; \$3.50.

"We were playing in the sitting-room. Brother Dick was in his cradle. Mother came into the room with water in her best china bowl. While she lighted the lamp my big sister caught me, dragged me to the kitchen pump and scrubbed my face to smarting. I was then given to Dr. Reid who presented me kicking furiously to God."

Had Emily Carr been writing in the eighteenth century she might have used other words. Innocence playing; enter Authority and Elegance, with their daughter Respectability to usher in Politeness and Tradition. So far she might have written. The rest is a twentieth-century tale—"Me kicking furiously to God." The old words represent what Emily kicked furiously to God about all her life. And somehow when we have read the book through from this unhappy beginning to the mellow ending we feel that God was on Emily's side. For instance when Dr. Reid manhandled her, "I would have been quite content to sit on Dr. Reid's knee but his tipping me flat like a baby infuriated me." Failure to appreciate the dignity of her personality or attempts on her integrity as a person or as an artist continued to infuriate her to the end. And God was pleased, and made her the greatest Canadian artist since Tom Thomson and one of the most finished of our prose writers.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth" is a hard saying for which Emily Carr's story provides bitter support. From childhood on she suffered a sense of rejection in her family, of both her personality and her art; this was extended in adult life by her rejection in Victoria's art circles as teacher and as artist. In turn she defied her family, their English tradition, their unimaginative conventional tastes, and came to identify herself aggressively with Canada, its vastness and terrifying grandeur as against the restricting confinement of her father's English hedges. Refusing to look with her family nostalgically into the past, she stared hard into the present and the future; scorning their conventional elegance and bourgeois manners, she took to Indians and animals with their primitive grace. Disgusted with the china painting atmosphere of Victoria she went further and further afield—San Francisco, England, France—suffering the tortures of the not-quite-damned to learn to paint as she felt she should in defiance of how they *knew* she ought.

There are very few facts in this history. Some readers may feel cheated by the omission of dates and a straight-forward narrative of events. (In fact, would not a table of these be a useful addition to a second printing?) At times the most important events are brushed aside. What actually was

the illness that kept her so long in a sanitarium? "Poetry was pure joy, love more than half pain. I gave my love where it was not wanted." We could willingly know more about the poetry. Whose? "Marked passages are all earth and nature." Perhaps this is all we need to know, but we should be interested to know more. And the love that was not wanted? The inquisitive will be very curious. Yet is it not more important that we should have this piece of reticence, this restraint, this delicacy, than any number of facts whatever? Do we not know more of the essential Emily Carr from this dignified closing of a private door than anything we should want to know from a recounting of the so-called facts? Artistically and personally it is wholly admirable.

Yet other readers will find the unconscious self-exposure almost too poignant to be borne, as for instance the story of the satiric sketches of San life, or the wonderful occasion of the seventieth birthday party. So innocent, so childlike, even in the very exposure itself, yet so magnificent. At that age, after all the hurts, to be still so unguardedly open to the world! If Ira Dilworth never did another tap in his life he would have justified his existence when he gave that kiss and made it "the real thing."

The writing of these essays "this summing up of a number of things" is to my eye and ear more uneven than in the earlier books, but it still leaves Emily Carr the best of our essayists. Take the five strokes that paint the family picture after her mother's death. "His office desk and chair were brought home and put into the room below Mother's bedroom. Here Father sat, staring over his garden. His stare was as empty as a pulpit without a preacher and with no congregation in front of it. We saw him there when we came from school and went stupidly wandering over the house from room to room instead of rushing straight up to Mother's bedroom. By-and-by, when we couldn't bear it any longer, we'd creep up the stairs, turn the door handle, go into emptiness, get caught there and scolded for having red eyes and no bravery."

The beautifully rounded chapter, "English Spring," typically exhibits that principle of contrast and opposites on which she worked as a painter. London *vs.* village, sociability *vs.* the artist stranger's solitariness, song birds *vs.* church bells, gravestones *vs.* gaiety, the real cuckoo *vs.* cuckoo clock of memory, "the shimmer of greenery that was little more than tinted light" *vs.* the "money-grabbing and grime" of London, baby daffodils and Mrs. Radcliffe's cheek "not soft nor used to being kissed." This, or the last chapter on the Clearing is powerful writing, and I suspect that those that don't like it are afraid of it as Victoria, B.C., was afraid of her pictures.

One more thing about *Growing Pains* considered as an autobiography. It is quite devoid of self-dramatization. Here is not the ego-inflated artist telling her important story for the world to behold and admire. We could wish even that she had taken herself as an artist more seriously as a public figure and told us more about her work on her pictures. But again, she would not have been Emily Carr. She says she learned something from every teacher, from one that there was sun in all shadows, from another that leaves are not plane surfaces. We see the struggles toward artistic confidence. But we get no indication of anything like an adequate self-appraisal. Emily Carr has not thought a discovery of herself very important; she has tried to describe the discovery of a Canadian art.

The publishers have counteracted her modesty by a very good choice of illustrations, at the beginning, "The Clearing" and at the end, a richly satirical comment on "Artist with Friends." The last is worth the price of the whole volume.

Lady, stiff and disapproving. Gentleman, blank. From the cut of their clothes and the way her hat matches his moustache they are man and wife. Two lumpish males confused and uncomprehending. The artist, smock, cap, camp-stool, tries with her wonderfully expressive hands, to explain the unseen picture behind her. Hens, sleepy or querulous, bird popping out of its cage, the most intelligent part of the audience two dogs who alone really seem to be enjoying themselves. Is this to be the artist's summing up of the response of the Canadian public to art?

Kathleen Coburn.

### Carthaginian Peace

THE CARTHAGINIAN PEACE or THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF MR. KEYNES: Etienne Mantoux; Oxford; pp. xvii, 210; \$3.75.

The perspective of twenty-five years, crowned by the deadly lessons of the struggle against Nazi aggression, now make it possible to examine with a fresh view both the virtues and the defects of the Versailles settlement. The task of establishing a lasting peace, which once more confronts the victors, calls for an effort to define and apply the lessons of 1919. Etienne Mantoux has taken one of the classic criticisms of Versailles and subjected it to a critical study in the light of subsequent developments; and the result is a brilliant and vigorous piece of work which, if it does not wholly invalidate the main thesis of *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, none the less offers much damaging criticism of the prophetic abilities of Mr. Keynes.

"I grant," says the author, "that his motives were pure, his convictions sincere, and that even his values may, after all, have been right. But many of his facts, at any rate, were wrong." It is in the factual examination of Keynes' thesis that the strength of this book lies. With the record of German production and trade and savings now before us, the idea that the economic aspect of the settlement with Germany was unworkable can hardly be maintained on purely economic grounds. The political obstacles are another matter, as Mr. Mantoux has recognized; and on this aspect the wisdom of the settlement is much less susceptible to concrete proof or disproof. It is not wholly convincing to say that because Germany increased production when this was for her own use, she could therefore have been obliged to increase it equally for the benefit of reparations; nor because in theory the receipt of goods as reparations would increase the wealth of the recipient, does it follow that the cumbrous machinery of competitive capitalism was capable of absorbing such receipts without paradoxically disastrous consequences. None the less, the volume offers a strong case for the idea that the economic ends of Versailles could in fact have been achieved if the victorious powers had been prepared to adopt the proper means of achieving them. That however is a large qualification; and perhaps one of the salient lessons of the settlement of 1919 is that means as well as ends must be clearly envisaged, and that the height of unwisdom lies in making the kind of peace which the victors are not ready to implement by taking the essential measures to enforce it during the years that follow.

Edgar McInnis.

Business executive, age 45, B.A. Cantab in Science, excellent references and connections, wide interests in social and economic affairs, seeks secure position with Cooperative Society, interesting business or organization; would be interested in an opening in adult educational field. Reply, Box 10, Canadian Forum, 16 Huntley St., Toronto 5, Canada.



### Victor Gollancz

OUR THREATENED VALUES: Victor Gollancz; Ryerson (Victor Gollancz); pp. 157; \$1.50.

"We have been moved already beyond endurance and need rest. Never in the lifetime of men now living has the universal element in the soul of man burnt so dimly. For these reasons the true voice of the new generation has not yet spoken and silent opinion is not yet formed. To the formation of the general opinion of the future I dedicate this book."

Thus in 1919, Keynes ended his book *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*. Many during the last two decades as the seeds sown at Versailles ripened into a harvest of death and destruction eclipsing anything the world had previously known must have regretted bitterly that his book had not played more part in forming general opinion. *Our Threatened Values* is such another appeal to civilized men and women. It is equally prophetic. We may ignore it too, but only with more calamitous results.

Keynes wrote because "the events of the coming year will not be shaped by the deliberate act of statesmen, but by the hidden currents flowing continually beneath the surface of political history, of which no one can predict the outcome. In one way only can we influence these hidden currents—by setting in motion those forces of instruction and imagination which change opinion. The assertions of truth, the unveiling of illusion, the dissipations of hate, the enlargement and instruction of men's hearts and minds must be the means."

Gollancz has the same motive, but his method is different. He does not confine himself to an analysis of economic policy, he penetrates deeper to consider the spiritual roots of such policies. His is an essay about morals, not an economic treatise. As such it should have a wider appeal. (It is admirably suited for study group use.)

The argument is simple. Western democracy, indeed all civilization, is based on certain fundamental values, chief among which is respect for human personality. Everywhere today these values are threatened. "This and not the atom bomb is the major threat to our civilization." The first part of the book describes these values and examines the threat to them as it appears in Britain, in Europe and in Communist practice. The second part suggests how Britain can foster the values in her relations with the Soviet Union, and her attitude to defeated Germans and other starving Europeans. Most of the facts quoted in this section about starvation in enemy and allied countries, about the British press campaign against feeding Europe and about the British commanders' behavior in the occupied territory are profoundly disturbing and should be widely known.

Though primarily intended to stir the conscience of Britain, its message is equally vital to Canada, perhaps more so. Recently a *Canadian Forum* reviewer quoted with approval the opinion that "The German people must get their due share of punishment for their crimes before the nation purified by that catharsis will be able to join the family of nations again on an equal footing." Many humane and liberal-minded people share that opinion. They should be the first to read Gollancz.

Finally, remembering the cruel sufferings the Jews have undergone at the hands of the Nazis and are still experiencing at other hands, let us note with humility that it is a Jew who makes this most passionate appeal for the rebuilding of the world on mercy, for the feeding of our enemies, for the returning of good for evil, a policy which even many Christians feel is too idealistic and ineffective for the modern world.

G. Tatham.

### Mihailovich

MISS FIRE—The Chronicle of a British Mission to Mihailovich 1943-44: Jasper Rootham; Oxford; pp. 224; \$3.75.

Colonel Rootham was dropped by parachute in North-eastern Serbia in May, 1943, as a member of a British mission which made an unsuccessful but exciting attempt to strengthen the Chetnik resistance. In *Miss Fire* he attempts to provide "a truthful account of what one man saw, read and was told". The result is a first-class war narrative which should make an invaluable contribution to the public understanding of the baffling complexities of Yugoslavian politics.

If Rootham's account is accepted—and this reviewer can see no reason why it should not be—it serves as powerful documentation of the Tito case against Mihailovich. The author shows convincingly how the early spirited resistance of Mihailovich deteriorated in the face of the agonizing problems of resistance warfare, and under the paralyzing influence of German propaganda. While Tito maintained his ruthless opposition toward the Germans, engaging as many as fifteen enemy divisions, Mihailovich apparently became increasingly preoccupied with "the communist menace" as represented by the Partisan movement. The Chetnik leader appears to have drifted from resistance through a state of inactivity into what Mr. Churchill has described as "accommodations with the enemy". Toward the end Mihailovich engaged in conflicts with the Partisans which were almost certainly synchronized with German attacks.

I have taken the trouble to look up the comments on Rootham's book by Brigadier Fitzroy MacLean, who led the parallel British mission to Tito. He concurs most heartily in Rootham's interpretation of Yugoslavian politics and draws sharp contrasts between Mihailovich and Tito which are much in favor of the latter.

R.T.M.

### Stuart Chase and Freedom

FOR THIS WE FOUGHT: Stuart Chase; Twentieth Century Fund; pp. 123; \$1.25.

Chickens they say have a way of coming home to roost, and so it would appear have all the bright glib promises that were so much in vogue during the war. The Four Freedoms, it is now well understood, were so much poppycock, just the standard sucker bait with modern improvements that each nation, or more properly speaking, the ruling class of each nation holds out to its own people when a war has to be fought. Mr. Chase goes to some pains to show that the Four Freedoms are not in force at the moment, and that the United Nations Council is scarcely a perfect or even reliable instrument to prevent future wars. What will? Obliquely Mr. Chase indicates that the common man still thirsts for security but that somehow mankind has gotten off the track and come up with atomic fission instead. "Man cried for bread but they gave him the atomic bomb." The last survivor will probably inscribe this epitaph on the last wall left standing after the next war.

This is the sixth and final volume in a series "of guide lines to America's future" which the author has done for the Twentieth Century Fund. They are ample confirmation of Mr. Chase's well-known inability to get at the root of our social sickness. He condemns the bright promises made during the war. But who has been more indefatigable in drawing pretty pictures over the whole economic terrain these many years than the author himself? Mr. Chase's favorite thesis, as it is with so many liberal "economists", is how much we, the average or common man, can have if only we are "sensible" or "educated" or "work together." This perception never rises above the technical level. It sees only the machines and the men who are ready to work them. But

those who own the machines and the social forces they represent are quite beyond their mental horizon. Such an outlook appears to conform with the needs of Twentieth Century Fund.

E. A. Beder

### Darwin

**CHARLES DARWIN AND THE VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE:** Edited with an Introduction by Nora Barlow; Philosophical Library; pp. 279; \$4.75.

In 1939 Lady Barlow published her edition of the manuscript diary upon which Darwin, her grandfather, based his account of the Beagle voyage. In her preface to that work, she referred to "a pile of diminutive pocketbooks, eighteen in number, in which Charles Darwin made the first rough pencil notes of his observations and impressions during his five years of travel." The diary itself represents an expansion at leisure, often after a three or four months' interval, of the immediate observations recorded in the notebooks. As an indication of how Darwin's mind worked in the 1830's, and of how it developed during the voyage, the notebooks are, then, at least as important as the diary.

In this volume, after a concise introduction in which Darwin's career before 1831, his home life, his education, and the significance of the offer to sail with FitzRoy is effectively sketched, Lady Barlow presents two new accounts of the voyage. The first consists of the thirty-eight letters written by Darwin to his father and sisters during the journey. Twenty-two of these are here printed for the first time; only ten have been wholly or largely published before. The complete series forms a valuable document; the letters reveal clearly the development of Darwin's character during the most critical years of his life, his growing self-confidence, his increasing absorption in scientific research, his sense of having found his proper purpose: "For the zeal which this voyage has given me for every branch of Natural History I shall never cease being glad."

The second account is made up of extracts from the notebooks. Extracts are tantalizing things, and here the reader cannot help wishing for the whole contents, or at least for a clear indication of how much is left out. Lady Barlow describes briefly the omitted material, but the reader is nowhere told how many pages the books contain, or where material is being drawn from a new book. I, for one, would have appreciated a record of notebook number and pagination to accompany the extracts. For the general reader, however, the editor's method is perhaps satisfactory. The relationship between notebooks and diary is kept in mind by occasional quotation of passages from the diary. The student of Darwin will find a fuller comparison of the two texts interesting. The notebooks have the same value as the letters as a revelation of Darwin's personality, since they are private, immediate, and unstudied; they have a further value for the light they throw upon the development of Darwin's scientific ideas, particularly for the evidence they provide of his early speculations on variation of species.

F. E. L. Priestley.

### Business

**PLEASE SEND ME, ABSOLUTELY FREE:** Arkady Leokum; Musson; pp. 337; \$3.00.

This first novel by a young American whose experiences in the advertising business have led to the only reaction possible in an honest, intelligent human being, is only incidentally about advertising. It is in the genre pioneered by Sinclair Lewis, a peculiarly American type of fictionalized report on a vocational milieu; but in this case, because the

advertising business cannot be isolated from business in general, of which it is the kept mistress, the novel is really about Business itself.

Both description and characterization are free from the extravagances of satire to be found in, for instance, the more widely publicized novel, *The Hucksters*, which dealt specifically with the role of radio in advertising. Indeed, this whole facet of the great American Way needs no spice of burlesque; the essential parasitism and hypocrisy of Business Made Vocal requires only photography to strip it of its pretenses. Realizing this, Mr. Leokum has devoted a promising talent for probing the effects of environment on human character to showing what Business in America today can do to a nature inherently honest and creative. The story is handled with integrity, and a keen sense of human relations and dramatic effect.

It is not without significance that this very able novel about what is perhaps most typical of our North American Way of Life should have been written by a young man who was born in Russia, but has lived in America since he was six. It might prove interesting to, let us say, Igor Gouzenko.

Fergus Glenn.

### Robert Burns

**THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY:** James Barke; Collins; pp. 384; \$3.00.

It is little more than twenty years since André Maurois wrote *Ariel*, a biography of Shelley in the form of fiction, and started a new fashion of which James Barke's *The Wind that Shakes the Barley* is the latest example. In his prefatory note Mr. Barke claims that this new fictional life of Burns adheres to historical fact "much more firmly than the biographies". And so competent a critic as Mr. John S. Clarke, the president of the Burns Federation, hails it as "the finest and most vivid study of Robert Burns I have ever read." Certainly it gives one a feeling of intimate acquaintance with the whole Burns family and an unforgettable picture of unfolding genius. For this first novel of a projected trilogy covers only the first twenty-five years in the life of Robert Burns. When the three novels are completed, they will be published together as *The Immortal Memory*. The second and third are listed as now "in preparation". If Mr. Barke can maintain the same high quality in dealing with the more controversial and difficult periods that are to come, *The Immortal Memory* will take its place in the very front rank of books about Burns. In the meantime this first volume of the trilogy is a complete historical novel that carries conviction of its essential truth. Those who know something of the tragic story of Robert Burns will rejoice that at long last, as Mr. Clarke says, it has been retold by a master "with brains in his head and love in his heart".

J. F. Macdonald

### "Itchy Feet"

**THAT SUMMER:** Frank Sargeson; John Lehmann; pp. 192; \$2.25.

Frank Sargeson is a New Zealand writer who has gained some recognition both in England and America. This book is a collection of his short stories and one longer story, "That Summer". In the plain language of the "ordinary bloke" and in a style which recalls the short, jerky sentences and monosyllabic dialogue of Hemingway, Sargeson spins his yarns of comradeship between men who grind a living out of the land or look for jobs in the city, of the Maoris and the senseless degenerate way of life European civilization has brought them, of people who are alive and people who are dead. It is usually the respectable citizen in the solid job who is dead.



The narrator of these stories, most of which are told in the first person, is a fellow with "itchy feet", moving around from job to job, drinking his handles of beer, being true to his cobblers and telling about his adventures in an uneducated and inarticulate, but warm and human manner. "It sort of gets you," he says, in his rather folksy way. He never philosophizes, but allows his stories to speak for themselves, with no underlining of the points made.

The Canadian reader will find much he recognizes in these chatty accounts of another new country; he will remember New Zealanders he has known in the Kens, Freds and Teds they portray; and he will be surprised and sometimes puzzled by the wealth of New Zealand slang used: e.g., a man is a *joker*, a girl a *sheila* or a *piece of goods*, food is *tucker*, to be broke is *to be a skinner*, and good-bye is *hooray!*

Helen Garrett.

### Tolstoy

THE SHORT NOVELS OF TOLSTOY: selected by Philip Rahv; Longmans, Green & Co. (Dial Press); pp. 716; \$5.00.

A collection of eight of Tolstoy's "short novels" (how the phrase proclaims the poverty of our criticism of fiction!) in a single volume is worth having. There will be no serious quarrel with Mr. Rahv's selection—*Two Hussars*, *Family Happiness*, *The Cossacks*, *Hadji Murad*, *The Death of Ivan Ilyich*, *The Devil*, *Master and Man*, and *Polikushka*—although few readers will allow the claim that these "fully document Tolstoy's spiritual growth and development." This is too late a date to speak of the well-known translations by Aylmer Maude, which are used throughout.

The value of this volume is confined entirely to the stories themselves, unless the preface be regarded as of use as an irritant. Mr. Rahv devotes it to the restatement of that most slovenly of literary heresies, the divine thunderbolt doctrine of creative writing: "The most self-observant of men, . . . Tolstoy was least self-conscious in his use of the literary medium." The writer who is conscious of how he secures his effects, Mr. Rahv explains, is a modern phenomenon: "The conception of writing as of something calculated and constructed (is) a conception first formulated explicitly by Edgar Allan Poe. . . ." This dismissal of the whole tradition of Renaissance criticism (and much that preceded it) would have interested Poe, who was at least not ignorant. Not quite all of Mr. Rahv's nonsense is of this formidable dye, but occasional bits are even deeper. Try this: "Art and reason are not naturally congruous with one another. . . ." E. S.

### New Secret?

NEW SECRET: Lillian Beynon Thomas; Thomas Allen; pp. 214; \$2.50.

This book is an attempt, on the level of the soap opera, to cope with the problem of the atomic bomb. Our hero, a soldier recalled from overseas to work on the production of the bomb—on the strength of having taken two years' science at the University of Minnesota—has witnessed the first explosion in New Mexico.

"Did it do something to you?" he is asked by the local clergyman on his return to his little home in the West.

"Yes," said Bob without any hesitation. "It did something to me."

He gropes his way through various unconvincing adventures trying to find out how mankind shall deal with the "new secret." He studies psychology for one year, he squares his shoulders, he indulges in a great deal of cheap and sentimental philosophizing and ignorant talk. Finally he discovers the answer. Human beings must "get together about life. . . . We must find out what man is, why he is." The clergyman is impressed. "You have something there, Bob," he says. H. G.

### Glorious Failure

ESCAPE FROM ARNHEM: Leo Heaps; Macmillan; pp. 159; \$3.00.

Published over a year ago, this account, by a Canadian paratrooper with the ill-fated British airborne division, of the tragic but heroic failure at Arnhem, and of his subsequent exploits with the Dutch Underground, remains an important and graphic documentation of one phase of the late war. Written in a plain, factual, often jerky style, it sometimes leaves the non-military reader bewildered by the apparent confusion and aimlessness, the disconnectedness, of military operations. But that, no doubt, is exactly the impression the actors themselves must have had at times. There is a touch of irony in the fact that Captain Heaps, after being twice rejected by Canadian instructors as "not combatant officer material," should have ended up as a British officer in two of the most hazardous and exacting roles of the war, first as a paratrooper, and then as an underground worker behind the German lines. C.M.

STARBUCK VALLEY WINTER; Roderick L. Haig-Brown; Collins; pp. 310; \$2.00.

Here is the ideal Christmas present for a teen-aged boy who is fond of outdoor life. It is an excellent story of trapping, hunting and canoeing in the woods of British Columbia, obviously authentic and very factual without ever being dull. The author is a close observer of nature both animate and inanimate, and makes the reader feel thoroughly at home with deer and buck, seals, bald eagles, marten, wolves, wolverines and even cougars. H. G.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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### CANADA YEAR BOOK, 1946

The 1946 edition of the Canada Year Book is announced by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics.

By a special concession, a limited number of paper-bound copies have been set aside for ministers of religion, bona fide students and school teachers, who may obtain such copies at the nominal price of \$1.00 each. Application with remittance for paper-bound copies must be forwarded to the Dominion Statistician, Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Ottawa.

## THE CANADIAN FORUM

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Published each month by

CANADIAN FORUM LIMITED

16 Huntley Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada  
Telephone RA. 3297

Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

SUBSCRIPTION RATE: THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

Cheques to be made payable at par in Toronto.

Advertising rates on request.

Typography: Service Linotyping Co., Toronto  
Press Work: Merchants Press, Toronto.



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